CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Mystery of No. 1313

By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK

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Their Homecoming

By Mary Pennell

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MADELINE DRISCOLL had returned to the old manor house in Clayton after an absence of fifteen years.

Clayton had ceased to think of the Driscolls. They had been squires in the old days, but their importance had faded as Clayton became a manufacturing town, and Madeleine's father had lost his money in wild speculation, leaving an impoverished wife and daughter striving to keep up the old state which had long ago departed.

Finally, after her mother's death, the girl had closed up the house, and it had stood untenanted upon the hill. People ceased to speak of her; she was almost forgotten when she returned.

Her return awakened memories of her life in the place. Gossips recalled that she had been engaged to be married once. Her fiance was the young Episcopal clergyman, Upton Vane. He had not appeared at the church door; that much was remembered. He had departed within a week, and Clayton had not seen him again. Life had continued just the same smoothly in Clayton.

It Was a Tale of Pride and Punishment.

It was to a haven of peace that the woman of thirty-five returned. The little church was still standing, mellowed by time, the creepers more shielding over the entire front. The village had grown, factories had sprung up, but much was the same. Only those had known Madeline when she was a young woman had nearly all died or departed.

She threw herself into church work. [illegible] In the practise of its duties [illegible] time. Without thinking of her own wasted life.

The annual confirmation class was waiting for the arrival of the bishop. The bishop of the diocese was still a young man; he was a forcible speaker, and had been selected on the death of his predecessor on account of his eloquence and impassioned faith. A bachelor, he had given all his money to the poor. He was a leader of the new evangelical school, which was believed to offer the most powerful opposition to all the doctrines of materialism that impant thruout the land. All Clayton awaited his first visit.

On the evening his arrival Madeleine was in the church. She was alone; she had been decorating the altar and putting the finishing touches about the pillars. Then, her work done, the memory of the past came rushing over her. Just so she worked in the days when Upton and she were engaged to be married. They had met here; and her memories opened the floodgates of her sorrow. She knelt and wept before the altar.

She did not hear the door open, nor was she aware that she was not alone until she started up, to see the bishop standing at her side. Thru eyes blinded with tears she discerned the kindly man who looked inquiringly at her.

"You are in trouble?" asked the bishop. She nodded dumbly. She could not speak; she buried her head in her arms and sobbed.

Then suddenly she found herself pouring out her story. It was a tale of pride and punishment, but the punishment had been out of proportion to the sin.

Fifteen years before, almost to a day, she was to have married Upton Vane. The marriage was only twelve hours away. Upton was in her mother's home when a messenger came to the door.

An old colored woman who lived eight miles away was dying. She had something to confess before she died. She wanted a minister—any minister. The message had come to Upton because the Methodist minister was out.

"But you can't go, dear!" exclaimed the girl. "Mr. Barrett will be back in a few minutes, and he is her minister. At least, all the colored people always here go to his church."

"I'll have to go, Madeleine," the minister answered. "The call has come to me."

"Well, I think it outrageous," answered the girl hotly. "Remember, if you keep me waiting tomorrow, I'll not marry you."

"Why, my dear, I'll be back by midnight," Upton answered.

She suffered him to kiss her, but her manner was distinctly aggrieved as he took his departure. And when he reached the miserable shack, he found cause for further delay.

The old woman's son was expected hourly from the South. He had committed a crime; he had confessed to his mother, and when he arrived she wished him to unburden himself of his secret and suffer the penalty. It would mean a dozen years in the penitentiary. She could not, die leaving him with his crime unatoned.

The minister waited. Hours crept by. It was morning before the son appeared. He was just in time to say good-by to his mother, to listen to her pleas, and to make his confession.

The woman died, and the minister took the man to the police station. By the time these formalities were ended it was ten o'clock. And he had half an hour to go home and dress for the wedding.

There were no telephones in those days. At a furious pace he drove the horse up the hill, to encounter the bride's carriage going to the church. Madeleine saw him. He pulled up and tried to speak to her.

"Take us home!" cried the girl to the coachman.

Those were the last words of hers that Upton heard. Arrived at the manor, she shut herself up for days. In vain Upton tried to see her. She refused to receive him. Finally the man told Clayton and his successor was installed. A few weeks after that Mrs. Driscoll died, and Madeleine took closed the house and disappeared.

She had lived in the world, she had tasted the sweets of the bitterness of life, and now, at thirty-five, she had returned to her native town. And those memories which she had forgotten or had forgotten came back to her with poignant intensity.

"That was the story she told the bishop.

"What can I do?" she cried. "I have been punished, for I know I have suffered. I have ruined two lives."

"You have never seen or heard of this Upton Vane since then?" the bishop asked gravely.

"No. I don't know where he went. How could I seek him after that?"

"But you know that the time the cause of his late return?"

"Not for weeks," answered Madeleine. "And then, what was the use of being sorry?"

"Do you still love this man?" inquired the bishop gently.

She flung out her arms wearily. "I have done with love," she answered. "I only want to restore the part that I have thrust out of life. I want to know that he is happy and has forgotten me."

"He is happy," answered the bishop. "But he has not forgotten you."

Something in his voice made the girl start, and look at him. She had not seen his face for her tears; now she found herself looking into the eyes of Upton Vane.

Getting By.

SO-CALLED German efficiency finds more than its equal in American ingenuity. When American prisoners, who are placed in the various forts thruout Germany, seek to write relatives or friends in their native country, their messages must undergo the rigid inspection of the "efficient" German censor, who often believes that he is permitting only "good news" to pass thru. Real descriptions of the situation are stopped.

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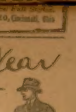

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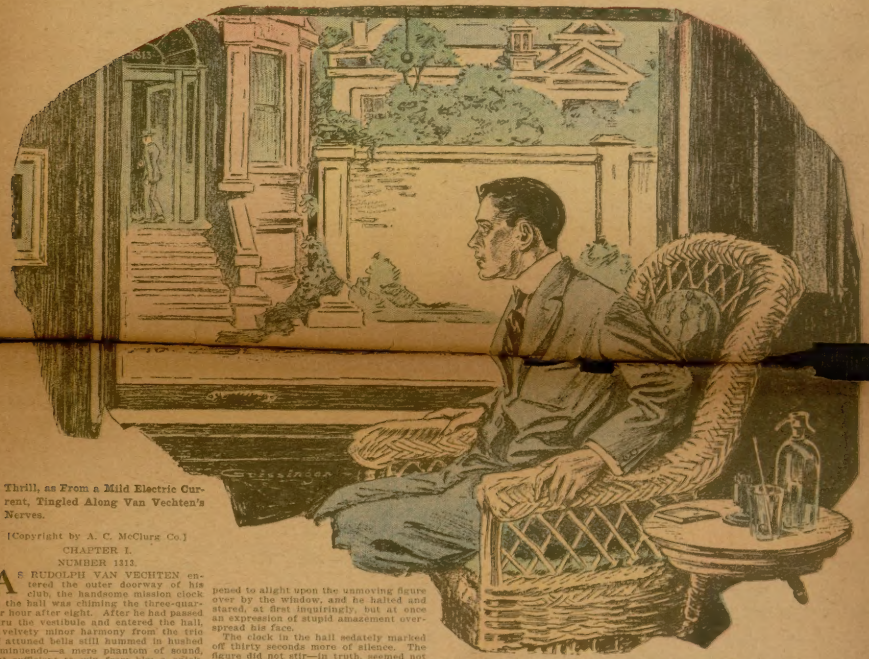
Beginning a Thrilling Serial of Strange Happenings, Love and Adventure

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 1313

By Charles Edmonds Walk



A Thrill, as From a Mild Electric Current, Tingled Along Van Vechten's Nerves.

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CHAPTER I.

NUMBER 1313.

As RUDOLPH VAN VECHTEN entered the outer doorway of his club, the handsome mission clock in the hall was chiming the three-quarter hour after eight. After he had passed thru the vestibule and entered the hall, a velvety minor harmony from the trio of attuned bells still hummed in hushed diminuendo—a mere phantom of sound, but sufficient to win from him a quick, inquiring glance.

The young man's thin, sensitive lips assumed a rueful curve and his brow gathered in a scowl.

"Fifteen minutes yet until nine," he muttered in a tone of complaint, staring hard at the dial. "Whatever I shall do until night, the gods alone know. Plague on such rotten luck!"

And having thus given audible expression to his feelings, he dismissed the temporary irritation with a resigned shrug, and sauntered listlessly into the luxurious but deserted lounging-room overlooking the street, where he dropped heavily into a chair.

He quickly relaxed, as if he were fatigued to the verge of exhaustion; petty annoyances, it would seem, were not sufficiently potent to vex him for long. Indeed, his appearance imparted the idea that he was not only physically very tired, but that his present mood was one of profound dejection, and that nothing whatever could lighten the melancholy burden of his gloomy meditations. He gazed thru the window at nothing, sitting motionless, while the minutes ticked away.

By and by a club attendant did appear. His manner was contrastingly alert and industrious. Suspended from one arm was the coiled tube of a vacuum sweeper; the other hand carried a large dust-cloth. Quite abruptly his eye happened to alight upon the unmoving figure over by the window, and he halted and stared, at first inquiringly, but at once an expression of stupid amazement overspread his face.

The clock in the hall sedately marked off thirty seconds more of silence. The figure did not stir—in truth, seemed not to breathe. Then the attendant, apparently dazed to a degree bordering upon reverential awe, turned to withdraw on tiptoes.

For familiar, as was Van Vechten's appearance to the astonished and discomfited club attendant, it was associated—reluctantly as the fact must be admitted—only with late hours, the poker or bridge table, and a multitude of cocktails whose number was known by no man save that miracle of divination, the Powhatan's steward. He carefully indexed and preserved all the checks which Van Vechten so promptly forgot.

Without spending too much time, or trying to interpret too many words, let us endeavor to make the situation clear; for it was all very strange, the manner in which the commonplace situation described reverberated with what immediately followed.

The day was one of those that come along with the tag-end of summer; the time of the year when everything inanimate begins to resent the pitiless hammering of the sun, and fails to generating and throwing off a heat of its own that transforms the down-town canyons into furnaces seven times heated; the time of the year, in short, when one deprived of mountain, lake or seaside, regards the cruel circumstance very much in the light of a sentence to penal servitude.

And in addition to all this, please do not forget that the hour was not yet nine o'clock of the morning. Moreover, and most remarkable of all, it was a Sunday morning. Here was a concurrence of time, place and individual which had never happened before, and in all likelihood would never happen again.

Certain it is, at any rate, if Van Vechten had been anywhere else at this particular hour on this particular Sunday morning, he would have missed witnessing an incident which presently was to jar him from the lethargy of his ennui as effectively as if the rotation of the earth upon its axis were suddenly to be reversed.

And the incident, but one of a startling series, was not long in coming. Again from the hall floated the stately, melodious chimes.

Nine o'clock.

With the first dulcet stroke, Van Vechten's regard fell idly upon a man who was passing along the farther side of the street—the first human being he had seen since taking up his position at the window. He was not at all interested in the man, who was entirely unknown to him; but the stranger had advanced within his field of vision, and it was much easier to follow him than it was to look away. So he continued to watch him, albeit but hazily conscious of the fact, because his thoughts were occupied with matters of vastly more importance to himself. That is to say, at the time he fancied they were of more importance; subsequently his opinions on this score underwent a decided change.

Only a few seconds later, in truth, he regretted that he had not given the man more of his attention—sufficient, at least, to recall something of his appearance. But even at that, he never dreamed how nearly the episode affected himself at the moment, nor did he have any premonition of the extraordinary events that were to ensue in the immediate future.

The man was walking with a certain halting, indefinite slowness, the while he studied the house numbers, as if in search of a particular one.

All at once he stopped stock-still. Van Vechten, as it chanced, failed to observe this, for his eyelids, heavy with loss of sleep, chose this precise second to curtain the scene. Nothing had yet occurred to prick his curiosity. His lids drooped only for an instant to be sure; but within that brief space the strange man's bearing had suddenly altered. He had thrown off his irresolution, and had gone quickly up the steps of the house directly opposite. Van Vechten opened his eyes just in time to see him disappearing thru the doorway, and the door itself swing shut.

The Silent House! The House of Mys-

tery! The house wherein nobody had ever been seen to enter!

A thrill, as from a mild electric current, tingled along Van Vechten's nerves. Quite abruptly he found himself very much awake, sitting bolt upright, his fingers tightly grasping the arms of his chair. He stared at the closed portal with a set and earnest intentness. Yet there was nothing about the door's prosaic exterior to provoke such a display of incredulous amazement.

Nevertheless, there was no mistaking the fact that Van Vechten was galvanized into an alertness which, had it been almost anybody else during the same conditions, would have amounted to excitement.

"Say!" he demanded of himself under his breath, "is this a pipe-dream? Or did somebody really go into that house?" And after a reflective pause: "No, I wasn't asleep." he deliberately settled the unwonted occurence in his mind; "I saw the chap coming along the walk. Let's see—that did he look like? What was he doing? What the dickens does it mean anyhow?"

There was nothing or nobody to answer these puzzled inquiries. He was convinced that he had remained awake, altho drifting along the borderland of slumber, because he distinctly recalled having heard the clock in the hall strike nine. He glanced at his watch. Yes, only nine. So he could not have been asleep more than a second.

All of which may seem a ridiculously trivial matter to be the occasion of so much concern. But anybody acquainted with the circumstances would not have thought so.

To begin with, there was something positively repellent in the very appearance of the house across the way. Even the nine-o'clock daylight—for it was early autumn, 1913, for it was an old old number and not the true one at all—was doubly and inexplicably unlovely to persons owning superstitious reminiscences of the days when high, narrow brownstone fronts were accepted as the hallmark of affluence. Even the shamefully resisted the encroachments of improvement which otherwise modernized and beautified the pleasant street.

It was flanked upon each side by a structure of a period much more recent; one the home of the university, the university club, the other a palatial mansion, all granite, gleaming marble and gilded-bronze grill-work proudly named upon Number 1313, giving it an appearance of being shouldered and crowded to suffocation by its more prosperous kin that select neighborhood, as indeed it had come to be.

Therefore, to have taken [illegible] forbidding aspect, [illegible] Number 1313 was vacant and had remained so up to something like three months prior to the opening of this story. How long previously to that it had stood empty, no club member could say. During all the period with their knowledge its begrimed facade had been an eyesore and an object of execration; somber and brooding, it was a sort of silent but perpetual rebuke to the folly of their lives, to the idlers behind the big plate glass windows of the lounging-room, which attribute had more than once called forth a passionately resentful tirade from some member who had been unlucky at cards, or had consumed too much alcohol the night before.

Then, one afternoon, the club was electrified. Tom Phinney had been staring unseemingly into the street for some minutes. It struck him all at once that the windows and the front door across the way were no longer boarded, and that all the windows wore blinds; the red stone steps, however, showed no indication of having been recently cleaned.

"I say, fellows," he abruptly sang out," thirteen-thirteen's occupied!"

There was a consorted movement toward the club's windows: everybody present left off whatever he happened to be doing at the moment and stood silently agaping at the gloomy front.

"Blinds close-drawn," somebody presently remarked. "Wonder who it can be?"

What was learned during the wordless, curious inspection was about all the information respecting Number 1313 that was to be vouchsafed during the succeeding months. During that time it was scarcely possible that any person could have come or gone within the eighteen hours that are the liveliest of the twenty-four, without attracting somebody's attention at the Powhatan. For as the weeks passed, and the shades remained down by day, and the windows dark by night, curiosity grew apace; the house became more and more a fruitful topic of speculation; and with its secret front constantly staring one in the face, the least sign of life or activity must have been noted.

Why should anybody want to maintain such persistent, unnatural seclusion?

It is scarcely exact, tho, to declare that the house showed no signs of life at all. At rare intervals the front door had been seen to open, and there had issued forth an elderly, white-haired man, smooth-shaven and inconceivably wrinkled. He would disappear with a large basket, returning after a long interval with the basket manifestly full. He wore the look of a servant; the basket indicated household supplies.

Once a Powhatan member awaited an opportunity—or made one, which is quite a different thing—and accosted the servant, and discovered for his pains (and to his intense chagrin) that the fellow was a deaf mute. And, moreover, a doubt was raised in the member's mind as to whether the fellow was a mental. There had been something in his look that imparted a sense of stinging rebuke, so that the presumptuous member went his way, chastened and humbled. The servant—if he really was a servant—with his wrinkled countenance, which suggested wisdom and whole ages beyond any man's allotment, merely tended to deepen the mystery.

But there are some things about a house which any one can find out, if one is willing to spend a little time and trouble. Respecting Number 1313, it was gleaned from the public records that it constituted an infinitesimal fraction of an enormous New York estate, whose principal owner had for years resided in England. One could fancy him looking upon this shabby parcel of property and straightway disowning it; at least, it is more than likely that he must have been ignorant of its very existence. . . . . But more of this later.

As far as results were concerned, inquiry at the estate's office building was productive of no information whatever. Considerable difficulty was experienced in gaining access to the manager; then he at once disowned all knowledge or agency. Whereupon Tom Phinney felt that the Powhatan's committee was not being treated with the deference which it unquestionably deserved.

"See here," he said, thumping the desk under the manager's nose in pure accident, 1313, for it was an old old number and not the true one at all—was doubly and inexplicably unlovely to persons owning superstitious reminiscences of the days when high, narrow brownstone fronts were accepted as the hallmark of affluence. He successfully resisted the encroachments of improvement which otherwise modernized and beautified the pleasant street.

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"Do you mean to say you don't know?" —Incredulously.

"Just that. The present tenant never applied to us at all. Never appeared in fact. Occupancy of the house was arranged in quite another manner. Really, gentlemen, that is all I am at liberty to tell you."

And the Powhatan's committee was bowed politely out.

It was not for nothing that the house was called the House of Mystery.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE STROKE OF THE HOUR.

IT OCCURRED to Van Vechten by and by that while he had missed witnessing the stranger's entrance into the House of Mystery, it did not necessarily follow that he must fail to see him when he emerged. Sooner or later the man must depart.

Van Vechten was eminently well qualified to wait, since all his energies, and such ambition as he possessed, were directed toward that most laborious of all tasks, "killing time;" despite which, backed by a strong resolve to prevent intention, most of the minutes of each passing day flitted by, leaving him more bored than ever. So he resolved to keep his station at the window—all day if necessary—and satisfy his curiosity respecting the man's general appearance.

The first twenty minutes or so were alleviated by a lively anticipation that the door would open almost any moment, and the man come forth; but nothing of the kind happened. The house remained as still as it had been for months. Not a blind was raised; no sign of life was manifest. In short, the place was powerfully suggestive, this tranquil Sunday morning, of a gloomy, somber, battered but eternally silent mausoleum in some disused and abandoned cemetery.

Then the watcher began to grow restless. As the minutes ticked off and nothing occurred, he glanced at his watch with increasing frequency. Presently he rose and went over to a push-button, upon which he pressed with unnecessary violence, afterward hastening back to the window under a sudden apprehension that the man might take advantage of his brief inattentiveness to vanish—as the fellow had caught him napping before.

A cocktail was presently set beside him upon a tabouret; he gulped it down, then lighted a cigarette which he began to smoke feverishly. But he tossed it away after a puff or two; he had smoked too much the night before, and the tempered spirits could not remove the fusty taste from his tongue.

Another glance at his watch: nearly an hour had he waited, for it was now ten minutes to ten. Would the fellow never appear?

And then Van Vechten's attention was all at once divided. He had ordered and consumed a second cocktail, and was attempting a fresh cigarette, when he paused, the blazing match suspended in midair.

He saw another and quite different stranger approaching along the opposite walk. He knew instinctively that this could not be the first man, but his manner copied that worthy's so precisely that Van Vechten was constrained to watch him instead of maintaining his unprofitable vigil.

He fighted his cigarette, flipped the match away and waited.

This second individual was walking hesitantly, just as the other had done, and also seemed to be devoting his attention to the house numbers.

He paused before the house across the way. There could be no doubt but that he was searching for the number, which was only imperfectly outlined upon the red-curtained fanlight. Then abruptly the signs of hesitation vanished from his bearing; he went determinedly up the steps and rang the bell.

At that very instant the clock in the hall began to strike.

First of all, Van Vechten was struck by this coincidence. Even before inventorying the man's semblance, he found himself keenly interested in him; how many were yet to come. And how did they time their arrival so nicely?

The two incidents that had already occurred, and what the next hour might bring forth—somebody's departure, or a departure from Number 1313—shared equally high places in Van Vechten's enlivened curiosity. The second man's appearance was all at once registered in his memory, and somehow it reconstructed in his objective mind the subconscious impression of the way the first fellow had looked: both were young, powerfully built and athletic, with a carriage of shoulders and head, the springiness of tread and a general bearing all of which bespoke resolution. They were the sort of chaps, he told himself, who would meet a scrimmage half-way rather than avoid one.

There had been something furtive about the second fellow's admittance, Van Vechten recalled; not particularly on the man's part, but suggested rather by the narrow crack which the open door at first disclosed, making one think that the chain had not been released until after a parley. And then the aperture had widened only enough for the visitor to squeeze his bulk thru, whereupon the door had promptly banged shut. Van Vechten retained merely a sense of absolute darkness beyond the threshold; not the slightest glimpse had he caught of servant or attendant. The door might have been tended by invisible hands.

Again he asked himself: Would the incident be repeated in another hour?

The wait between ten and eleven o'clock dragged with most exasperating slowness; but the self-appointed watcher's interest was at such high pitch that he left his third cocktail untasted.

As the hour approached, he darted quick glances along the street in anticipation of a new arrival. And sure enough, at a minute or two before the hour, here came a third muscular, resolute-looking young man, not over-fastidiously attired, who was scanning the house numbers as intently as his two predecessors had done.

And just as the chimes in the hall began tolling eleven, he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Van Vechten scarcely breathed, so intently was he following the proceedings across the street. As before, the door was opened perhaps an inch, a brief colloquy patently ensued, then the gap widened barely enough for the young man to squeeze thru. And also as before, the door was slammed without Van Vechten obtaining the least glimpse of whatever mysteries might lie beyond.

By now he was taking account of time only with reference to Number 1313. He was in such a state of mind that he forgot that he was tired and sleepy, or that he ever had been bored. Other club members—the few unfortunates anchored to the city—were beginning to drop in, but Van Vechten was too intent to give any of them particular notice until Tom Phinney arrived.

It was impossible to ignore Tom Phinney. Not that Van Vechten wanted to, because he didn't—as a rule. Their friendship antedated their college days.

With a lazy lifting of one slender hand, Van Vechten arrested Phinney's noisy progress across the lounging-room. As soon as Tom comprehended who was hailing him, his good-humored expression died away with comical rapidity, a look of mingled amazement and alarm taking its place.

"Moses and green spectacles!" he vented in astonishment. "You! Out of bed at this time of day? Sunday, too!" He hurried to his friend's side and examined him critically.

"Seen a doctor yet? You'd better. If you're not able I'll go fetch old Pottle—sleeps here, you know."

These remarks were ignored.

"Draw up a chair," was the response—"no, not that spindly one; it makes me perspire only to look at it—the wicker rocker."

Tom did precisely as he was directed.

"Well?" he grunted, eyeing Van Vechten with a concern that was only half simulated. But in a moment he felt his gaze impelled to follow his friend's.

"What's up?" he demanded, staring hard—even belligerently—at the silent House of Mystery.

He Turned and Shook His Clinched Fist at the Door.

watch, stifled a yawn, and then said:

"Twenty-two minutes to twelve. I'll lay you a hundred that while the clock's striking the hour a chap will go up that stoop, ring the bell and be admitted."

The offer was met with a frowning look of incomprehension. After a pause; "Say, Ruddy," Phinney earnestly asserted, "you ought to know better than to get up so early—unless you prepare for it, you know. If you're starting one of these health-culture fads about early rising, why, go at it by degrees. You can't stand the shock. Begin by knocking off the cocktails and by going to bed at some decent——"

"Time is fleeting," Van Vechten calmly interrupted. "Unless you hurry and get thru you are going to miss a bet."

"What do you mean?"—bluntly. "Been tipped off to anything about our House of Mystery?"—the second question with kindling interest.

The other, however, shook his head. "The bet's a fair one," he said. And he repeated it. "You are already a dertish hard up that I thought you would like to pick up a hundred. You can take it or leave it."

"Oh, I'll take you fast enough," Tom made haste to agree. "You're money's as good as anybody's. But sit here till noon? I don't think! I haven't breakfasted yet."

"You pan-per that gross appetite of yours. We'll breakfast together. There will be something to talk about, whoever wins; for, truly, something is happening across the way at last."

Tom was immediately all eager inquiry, but as his importunities Van Vechten opposed the one injunction—"Wait." So Tom grumbled and growled to no purpose, and was in and out of his chair a dozen times during the period of waiting, tho he made it a point to settle himself there some minutes before the hour of noon. Then he sat grieving darkly at his friend and uttering sarcastic remarks which the latter apparently did not hear.

However, the alert watchfulness that lay behind Van Vechten's imperturbability was infectious, and as the prearranged moment drew nearer and nearer Tom himself fell to scanning the street, which was quite unusually respectable, and never crowded with traffic of any sort, even on weekdays. On Sundays it was peculiarly deserted all day long—especially midsummer Sundays.

There was no word from Van Vechten until he quietly announced: "Here he comes."

Tom Phinney craned forward. He beheld a man of middle age, rather stout, in a shabby suit, approaching on the opposite walk. He scrutinized him intently.

Excepting that it was so nicely timed, there was nothing dramatic about the man's advent. Tom even indulged in a disdainful "Huh!"—notwithstanding which he was sensible of a distinct thrill when, a few seconds later, the young man mounted the steps of Number 1313, rang the bell, and after the now familiar preliminary measures on the part of the unseen door-tender, was admitted.

And all the while the clock in the club hall was chiming the hour of noon.

CHAPTER III.
AN EXIT.

"ALEXANDER!"

A page hastening cat-footed, after the manner of all well-trained pages, swerved abruptly from his course and bore down upon the window where the two friends were seated.

Van Vechten waved in the direction of Number 1313.

"Alexander," he said, "we are going to breakfast, and we want you to hold these two chairs for us. Keep an eye upon that house across the way—thirteen-thirteen. Observe whether anybody departs, or whether anybody arrives, and make careful note of them. If anything unusual happens, come to me immediately in the grill. Understand?"

Alexander signified that he understood, and that he was willing to wait and watch—for even the club's servants shared the general fascination for the House of Mystery—and Alexander was already seated in one of the vacated chairs, his eyes glued to the doorway opposite.

There were only a few breakfasters in the grill. Van Vechten and Tom sought a secluded corner, where the latter listened in blinking impatience to an account of the morning's happenings. But, after all, he was no more mystified than the narrator.

He was, however, all at once inspired. "I have it!" he impetuously announced. "Let's hurry and eat—I'm not hungry now, anyway. What say to me walking up and ringing the bell at one o'clock?"

But Van Vechten's comment was not encouraging.

"Crude," was his word. "I fear you will never learn anything beyond squash, yachts and polite society. Those men are not wandering blindly into the house; the indications all point to a prearranged meeting. They may be the tenants themselves; some sort of secret society——"

"Anarchists!" Tom yelled. A thought had but to enter his head to emerge at his mouth. The other two diners looked up, startled; but perceiving the source of the outburst, they returned to their meals with expressions of patient endurance.

"Yes, anarchists," Van Vechten agreed; "even so. And you would have a nice, pleasant time getting in—or, once in, getting out again."

"Oh, well, we might try breaking in after dark—Jimmy, you know, and all that sort of thing," a sarcasm which was frankly ignored.

"It has occurred to me," pursued Van Vechten, "that a person who has been at such pains to keep his identity hidden from the rest of the world, is stimulated to do so by some powerful motive. If he is a person of intelligence it will be no light matter penetrating his secret; it might be dangerous for the meddler. And it is no business of ours."

"Rats!" Tom Phinney exploded in disgust. "You're losing interest already."

The other elevated his brows and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Tommy," he returned wearily, "I am willing to try anything—once. And, as you know, whatever I undertake I see thru to the end, whatever that end may be. Just now I am too depressed by this uncertainty about Paige—not to mention

"You Are a Detective. I Might Have Expected It—but I Didn't."

its disagreeable consequences—to become interested in anything."

"It is deuced queer you don't hear from her, isn't it?" Tom felt called upon to show a polite concern.

His friend sighed. "Since my cousin is a woman," he said, "queer is not the word. Her disregard for my own and Uncle Theodore's plans is just what might have been expected; it is so thoroly feminine, as you would know well enough if you had a willful, pretty cousin like Paige. But by the same token, I am no more resigned to sit twiddling my thumbs in this bakeoven of a town until she chooses to come home—or at least lets me know about when to look for her."

"Just the same," insisted Tom, "if she was my cousin I'd be worrying."

"I am, Tommy—for myself, tho; not for her. . . . But I was going to say that I'll give you a chance to break even. A hundred says no man will enter thirteen-thirteen at one o'clock."

Which was very decent and accommodating of Van Vechten, considering that he would have been rather surprised than otherwise if one o'clock came and went without bringing a fresh arrival. And there was another arrival, and he was surprised—very much surprised. And Tom Phinney lost his second wager, too, which he could ill afford to do.

This was the way of it.

It was very close to one when they resumed their seats. Alexander, with patent disappointment, reported that nothing at all had happened. Then the clock struck the hour, and a taxi-cab whirled madly up and came to a skidding stop in front of No. 1313.

A lady hastily descended, a fashionably gowned lady, who fairly ran up the steps; and before she had time even to touch the bell the door swung open and she darted thru the opening and was swallowed up.

Tom was indignant and disgusted.

"Now what do you think of that"—giving the exclamation the slangiest sort of intonation. He was, of course, thinking only of the outcome of the bet.

But Van Vechten had not heard. The instant the woman appeared at the top of the stoop—until then the cab had partially concealed her—he startled Tom into forgetfulness of his disappointment by bounding from his chair. At the same time he smothered an exclamation which, altho inarticulate, was a good deal more indicative of agitation and amazement than Tom's had been.

"What the dickens!" Tom cried.

Van Vechten slowly sank back into his seat again.

"I—I thought—for a moment," he muttered vaguely. "If I did not positively know to the contrary, I should say——"

He left it unsaid, however. The cab turned and departed, and the young man sat staring in a perplexed way at the closed door. It was as silent and illegible as it had been for months, the windows all as irresponsive, the sooty facade as sphinxlike.

Tom was still contemplating his friend in bewilderment.

"You didn't by any chance think it was Miss Carew, did you?" he asked.

The other bent a startled look upon him.

"Paige? Heavens, no! Don't be a blooming idiot. It was a young girl, tho. I couldn't see her face; but for a second I thought she was some one I know—a much older woman——" The words trailed off.

There followed a moment of silence, then he announced with quiet decision: "Tom, I believe my interest is reviving. If you don't mind, my dear fellow, we shall see whether this is an occasion calling for an outsider's interference."

But these two puzzled young men were not afforded much time to exchange views upon the newest development. Without the slightest forewarning of the gravity of what was about to happen, Number 1313 gave them the most startling episode so far of the day.

The door had been closed behind the girl a minute or such a matter, when Van Vechten and Phinney say it jerked partially open and at once banged violently shut again. In truth, they both plainly heard the concussion. Van Vechten rose and pressed closer to the window, his gaze fixed intently upon the door across the way.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Tom, there's a scuffle going on over there, or I'm an Indian!"

And his surmise was promptly affirmed as the door was flung open with a final jerk and a brawny man could be seen standing upon the threshold. He was so large that he fairly blocked the doorway; his back to the street; but it was plain that he was struggling with somebody beyond.

Save for themselves, the room was now once more deserted (since the passage of the luncheon hour) and there was nobody else to witness the abrupt termination of the affair.

Suddenly the man drew back his right arm and struck a mighty blow straight from the shoulder.

"Bing!" shouted Tom in gleeful admiration. "Oh, hot! Wouldn't I hate to get a punch like that!"

Whoever did, obviously had no further stomach for the opposing antagonist one, for the latter tore loose and ran down the steps. Van Vechten and Phinney recognized him as the man who had arrived at noon—Number Twelve, they afterwards called him, associating him with the door. He was panting and considerably dishevled, the otherwise he appeared to be none the worse for the struggle.

However, there was no mistaking the fact that he was exceedingly wroth. Once on the walk, he turned and shook his clinched fist at the already closed portal, with a quivering flexing of the arm that signified a passion seething and surging for adequate expression. Then he apparently realized the futility of upbraiding an unresponsive door, for he whirled around and strode off at a rapid pace.

"Quick, Tom!" Van Vechten was up and dragging at his friend's arm. "Our hats! We must overtake that chap!"

With a speed that amazed Tom, Van Vechten had got out to the street. The man was walking rapidly, and as they emerged from the club entrance he was just rounding the corner into Lexington avenue. The gait of the pursuers was almost a run when they turned the same corner, in spite of which they had not gained upon their quarry. They saw him disappear eastward into Twenty-third street.

He's not acquainted with the [illegible] neighborhood, the pursuers [illegible] hurry.

But by the time they [illegible] Twenty-third street a good deal had happened. A small group of people were gathered at an alley mouth midway in the block, and others were to be seen running toward the scene also.

"Wonder what's doing?" Tom exclaimed. Van Vechten's response was an increased rapidity of pace on the other's arm and a repetition of the injunction.

"Hurry!"

A second later they arrived at the alley, where a knot of excited people was tightly drawn around the object of interest. Tom unceremoniously forced his bulk thru the press, being closely followed by Van Vechten.

In a moment they saw and understood. The young man who had acquitted himself so vigorously but a few short seconds previously, was lying at their feet—dead.

CHAPTER IV.
THE FACE IN THE CROWD.

UP TO the present moment the two young men had been confronted only by a series of startling incidents, baffling, to be sure, but bearing nothing sinister upon their face; and unless Van Vechten's keen perception (at sight of the veiled lady) be taken into account, neither had the morning's queer events any especial significance whatsoever.

But here, in the twinkling of an eye, was the most startling incident

cover with rudeness his incompetency to handle the situation.

It was at about this juncture, Van Vechten forever afterwards remembered, that he first became aware of the Face. He was standing behind Tom, a bit to his left, and opposite the alley mouth. His entire attention, naturally enough, up to this time had been absorbed by the ugly scene at his feet. It was all the more strange, therefore, that his mind should have been attracted and held elsewhere, even temporarily. But nevertheless, at or near the expected an indefinable, irresistible impulse to glance upward at a certain point in the ring of onlookers. And his regard came to rest upon a particular face.

Straightway he became sensible of an unfamiliar thrill, an abrupt quickening of the pulse, for which he could not in the least account.

Perhaps he would have looked away again at once had there not come to him, as instantaneously as had the impulse to glance upward, a conviction that the face signified something far out of the ordinary. The present circumstances might in a measure account for the horror mirrored there, but not for the despair, the terror, which seemed gradually to be chilling the face's owner into a statue of ice. The while Van Vechten told himself, was reflecting emotions of a depth and potency for which the man's death alone was wholly inadequate to account; the fixed stare was directed at something beyond and behind the lifeless figure.

It was a girl's face. It was refined and delicate of contour, and was framed in a nimbus of wavy, goldlight hair. It was, moreover, a strikingly beautiful face—even hauntingly beautiful, for it was a face which the beholder would not be likely to forget for many and many a day. Van Vechten knew that he had never seen it before, yet there was something about her that teased and perplexed him.

Other than her wonderful hair, his recollection of this scene did not include any sort of head covering, nor how she was gowned. It was fascinated, spellbound, by the face alone—and appalled.

He knew dimly, later, that she must have been slender and not very tall, for she was standing in the paved alley, on the crowd's outward edge, and it was a matter of relative positions that afforded her an uninterrupted view.

What terrible, gripping horror was it that had so paralyzing all her faculties? What did this man's death signify to her more than it did to any one else here present?

To one such as Van Vechten, accustomed to reading the all but imperceptible indices of schooled features, this vision was like a naked human soul. Terror and despair parted the delicate pink lips and widened the lovely dark eyes; they blanched her cheeks and held her breathless, utterly oblivious of aught else save the dead man.

And now he discovered, suddenly, that he was not the only person interested in the agitated girl. His attention was somehow drawn to a man standing a half-dozen or so feet from her; a tall, raw-boned fellow with a powerful frame and a sullen cast of countenance—a countenance just now scratched and bruised as if the owner had recently met with a severe accident of some kind.

This man was staring angrily at the girl. He, too, seemed to be oblivious of the dead man, and intent only upon catching her eye. And then the magnetism of his look had its effect; her eyes were drawn to his, and she came to herself with a start. A tinge of color appeared in her cheeks, but Van Vechten observed that the terror and despair still lingered in her eyes.

The fellow's demeanor must have signaled a warning, was the absorbed

(Continued on Page 23.)

The Surprise Parties

By Shirley Carson

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A twelve year feud and a spite fence didn't prevent little Dan Cupid, ably assisted by Mrs. McLane, from having his inning with the Drews and the Hendersons.

"SUCH doings as there's been between the Drew folks and the "Hendersons!" exclaimed Mrs. McLane at the supper table on the evening when her new neighbor, Mrs. Long, had been "asked over." "Never have been such times for twelve years or more, since the big ruction took place and the cedar hedge was built between the two houses so as the families didn't have to stand the hateful sight of each other too often. They was a-fightin' over what's just happened down at the grocery this afternoon—laughing fit to kill, too. The spite down the Drew side of the Henderson's has been so steady and peaceable for such a number o' years that I think it kind o' refreshed it to get hold of something new and lively about 'em."

"Who's to blame for this last trouble?" asked Mrs. Long.

"They say it's the Watkins' boy," answered Mrs. McLane. She stopped ladling out baked beans a moment to cast a sharp and scrutinizing glance round the supper table, but the washed faces of her five sons stared back at her with unblinking innocence. She resumed, with impatience to bear the misdeeds of their chum, the Watkins' boy.

"I'm not saying it was him," said Mrs. McLane. "But half a dozen folks can testify that they saw him running round the Drew side of the hedge with a pail in his hand, and it was charged on the Drews' side that the yelling and such-like sounds mortal like him, too, I'm bound to say. Seems he denies it, but anyway, when Ma Henderson went to gather in Mr. Drew's pants and vests and stockings along with her own duds, and when Ma Drew found Calista's and Sadie's nighty night-dresses among the nightgear she wears, there was something doing."

Mrs. McLane had a moment to pile fresh dainties on her guest's plate and then resumed her story with a chuckle.

"It wasn't all ribbony night-dresses, either, that Ma Drew got. There was Pa Henderson's underclothes that was bought too small for him and split before their time because he trusted 'em ever-much, and they was all patched up like an automobile tire. And when him going till warm weather. Ma Henderson used to hang 'em inside o' the reel—I've seen her, boy, but I'll be bound you used to have those things get the Drew side o' the cedar hedge."

"Seems a pity they couldn't have sent back each other's belongings and no words about it that the neighbors could get hold of," suggested Mrs. Long.

"If both youth and pride have been glad to do it that way but then each one was afraid the other might be meanest. So Ma Drew went down to the grocery next morning and talked in confidence about the awful poor sewing that was done on Henderson's underclothes—Pa's in particular—and the sin it was that Calisty should have pink ribbons and her father such poor sewing. That reached Ma Henderson before an hour was out, and she only having put in a telephone chat over the matter, felt she was outdone. 'Twas then the fur began to fly. Watkins' folks saw Mrs. Henderson cross her and set out to Drew back search for the first time in twelve years, in just a few steps, and they told afterwards that what was said between those women was not Christian hearing. Twelve years spite all came out in one bust. Then Ma Henderson went back home with her head in the air as if she'd done better than tattle at the grocery store—and maybe she had. I will say that there's something downright about Ma Henderson, whether it's mean or pleasant, that I like."

"That Watkins boy certainly stirred up trouble," observed Mrs. Long.

"So much, that I should think he'd go to church and Sunday school regular for quite a while, to get rid o' the bad feeling of it," Mrs. McLane looked round at the juvenile section of her audience with sudden severity. "'Twas no way for him to do, to play a trick under cover o' the dusk. Though, I'll not be able to let my own clothes hang out a bit longer to dry if such doings are going to be in style."

"The way you warn us sorter puts it into our heads, Ma," complained Dale McLane. He was nearly seventeen but still had a twelve-year-old twinkle in his eye. "I don't like the younger kids to be so awful tempted," he added conscientiously.

"Tempted nothing," exclaimed Mrs. McLane, irate at once. "You know just how to make—and, Dale, and it's no way to do before company."

"Boys have to be doing or saying something all the time," soothed Mrs. Long. "I've got two of my own, tho they're away now, and the house seems so dull that I've been suspecting that boys are sent to prevent us from settling tame and finicky."

"Maybe," agreed Mrs. McLane, appeased in a moment because she was pleased with Mrs. Long's every word. "Lonesome day, tho Dale has no fright to act as if he knew it. He dropped his studies to the act of plunging it again into the baked beans. "There's Calisty Henderson in her yard now, Mrs. Long, and the window as if you wasn't looking. Mrs. Long, and take note what a nice-appearing girl she is. I'll bet the folks on the Henderson side have got and I'm hoping she'll not disappoint them in any way."

"She don't look one bit disappointing kind," said Mrs. Long critically. "I've seen her in and out of her house several times, and wished she was mine. Has Mrs. Drew any girls?"

Nary one. If more children had grown up on either side o' the cedar hedge I misdoubt if 'twas ever would have started. Children and sickness are the handiest things on earth to end quarrels with. Now you'll see a clear fair light and do dishes, too, for once. I'll sit on the front porch with Mrs. Long and watch the growing twilight, and you'll be used to have those things get the Drew side o' the cedar hedge."

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"I know you must have it," said Mrs. McLane, "from pink to dark, Calisty? What ails you gettin' it some way tonight? Mis' Drew and her man have gone to the missionary meeting. I saw them with my own eyes, so——"

Calista interrupted, coloring.

"There's company over there, tho, and he's sitting on the south porch smoking, with my scarf blowing back and forth just behind his head. He's some Drew's the neighbor's visits there now and again. He hasn't been to see them for the longest while, but it so happens he's there now. I saw him come up this morning, when I was dusting my bedroom."

Calista did not add that she had peeped behind her muslin curtain for a full ten minutes admiring the Drew's visitor. And that pleased and chagrined that such a well set-up, pleasant looking young man should be related to such a family.

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Calista Henderson was still in her garden when Mrs. McLane called to the house. The girl had fluttered indoors and out three or four times in an irresolute fashion. Mrs. McLane had noted. When the latter was free of her guest she strolled over to the little green stumps of the fence where Calista stood with a watering-pot.

"Lost something, Calisty?"

Calista put down the watering-pot with a laugh. She was 21, and had lips which smiled forever, and she and the young spring evening seemed two things in perfect accord.

"It's well I never try to deceive you, Mrs. McLane, for I couldn't manage it anyway. Do you suppose Mrs. Long guessed I was in and out this evening for something else than a look at the garden?"

"I don't know that she thought about it at all, but it came to me after a bit that you'd come and get or got something extry on your mind."

"I have," answered Calista. "My pink scarf that I was to wear to dance class, my own night is over in the Drew house and I'm wondering how I shall ever get it without making my self-respect up and throw, worse than it is. They've hung it on the south porch by the lattice as if to say, 'Come and get it if you dare.' Ma and Pa went out in the country to visit Andy this noon, and I'm thankful they didn't see the Drew trick. Calista's smiling lips drooped a moment. "I hate all this trouble, Mrs. McLane. Somehow I never reckoned up how much bad feeling there was till yesterday."

"I was just absent-minded a moment, Mis' Henderson. No, this affair Calisty talking—she's stepped out a bit. Yes, it's Mis' McLane."

Too bad about Andy, after we thought he was getting rid o' that sickness so quick. Yes, you stay an' help Calisty is all right daytimes and nights she can sleep over to our house a bit. You and minter just seem out there so long as you want to, as five men a helpin' hand. That's right, call up my house tomorrow and tell me how things are going. Good-by, noon. We're going to have a chicken dinner and I've planned a-ready to ask you. Good-by, Mis' Henderson, and you can tell Andy if he'd used the salve I give him last week he'd have been right."

The tete-a-tete at the cedar-hedge was still going on. Calista in her pink frock looked like a flower in the sun, and the broad-shouldered young man before her stirred Mrs. McLane's romantic fancy. She peered somewhat thru the muslin window curtain, annoyed not to be able to see more plainly. Handsome, that the young man was similarly handicapped. "That young man knew the right caper was to wait till dusk fell. Was he? Good. I'm glad to hear it," she added aloud, with satisfaction; and sat down to supper.

It was quite dark when Calista came hurrying across the lawn and into the house. Mrs. McLane still sat rocking back and forth, her knitting in her lap, her lips folded for once, but her thoughts busy enough. She tried to look unconcerned as the girl came in, and succeeded passably well.

"Your ma phoned in to say Andy wasn't so bad off as they'd feared, and planned to stay a day or two out there so as to help a bit. Spring is a poor time for a farmer to get sick, as your pa knows. I told them you'd sleep over to our house, so you can get your things and come when you feel inclined. I wish you'd stay daytimes too; I like a girl about the house."

"I thought your five boys were just what you liked," said Calista, with quite absently. She sat down on the edge of a chair opposite Mrs. McLane, the pink of her frock fluffed out.

"So you got it," said the latter.

"Yes." Calista could blush in the dim room as now she did. "Mrs. Long was right, Mrs. McLane. It was something I'd set my heart on having. That pink scarf over the lawn this very minute, holding it betwixt his finger and thumb as if it were something he was likely to melt. He seen me come up here and kinder guessed what was goin' on. I'll be bound. Then he set out to meet him at the cedar-hedge friendly like, and try to act as if things was natural instead of awful. Oh, Mrs. McLane, dear, don't drag your feet that way. And don't listen to that telephone ringing in your house, neither. I'll answer that while you go and get a little bit o' Christian feeling going out there to the cedar-hedge."

From where she stood talking at the telephone Mrs. McLane could see all that went on between Calista and young George Drew. Calista, on the cedar-hedge together, the pink scarf was tendered, evidently with an explanation, and graciously accepted. Calista, in turning away, was arrested by some remark the young man made. She hesitated, answered, lingered. Mrs. McLane emitted a deep and guttural sound of satisfaction; one so hearty that the person at the other end of the phone grew confused and demanded an explanation.

"Mrs. McLane, you're not listening. I'm talking to you. Mrs. McLane, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here," answered Mrs. McLane, "and I'm listening, but I'm not talking. I'm watching. Calista Henderson is out there talking to George Drew, and I'm watching. Mrs. Long,

quicker than she. By the time the Henderson household was in normal swing again, Calista and George Drew were meeting with apparent unexpectedness in several places. At last they braved the postoffice in the evening, talking to each other while they waited with the rest of the crowd for the mail distribution. It was then Calista's mother heard for the first time what was going on.

She took the news at once to Mrs. McLane, whom she found baking butterscotch pies. The latter listened silently, with one eye on the temporal matters and the other on spiritual.

"Since you've come to me I'm going to tell you just straight out what I think of the business," she said at last. "It's this. If I had a feud as real unpleasant as yours has been for the last twelve years, I'd be thankful to the daughter who tried to break it."

"You mean," gasped Ma Drew, "that you'd let Calisty go on meeting George Drew?"

"Why not?" asked Mrs. McLane, pricking the last pie. "You didn't suppose a spite hedge atween the two houses was going to keep two young folks apart if so be they wanted to be together, did you? And as for the 'feud,' as you call it, any one'd think you was one o' them nobility folks from over the water sitting on cushions and fol-de-rols all day long, and nothin' to do but keep up feuds and duels a-going lively. Such ways is all right for them folks, maybe, but they ain't no mortal use for an every-day American woman, keepin' chickens and eating plain victles."

Ma Henderson rose as if to go. Mrs. McLane went on talking.

"George Drew is worried some too. He brought me over a basket o' parsnips last night and sat down to talk as if he wanted to. I could see at once it wasn't really parsnips he meant, and I taxed him with it, and then he kinder let up on company-ways and told me enough so I could see he was upset because he could tell how awful provoked his Aunt Drew was to think he should be going with Calisty. I eased his mind some, and he went off happier, so—"

Ma Henderson interrupted. "I ain't half sorry I can provoke Mis' Drew in some way."

"Calisty has sure got the better of her just now," agreed Mrs. McLane impertinently. "Mis' Drew sets such store by George, ever'one was, and I guess she wanted him to take a notion to Anne Scott. She sorter hinted that to me six months ago, and I told her then there when the time came I couldn't George Drew should pick his own gosy. But

"You Go On Now and Meet Him Friendlylike, and Try to Act as If Things Were Natural."

Mrs. McLane broke off to adjure her twelve-year-old son, Jerry, coming in at the kitchen door just then, and Ma Henderson decided that was the time to hide a smile on her lips. Jerry watched her till she was out of sight. "Ma," he asked, "wasn't you sorter working one of your ways on Mis' Henderson?"

"You get to cleaning those parsnips and don't you be meddling with such silly remarks any longer," advised his mother. She left the kitchen abruptly a moment later. It was not the first time she had noticed that her youngest son had inherited something of her own perspicacity.

Calista expected instant opposition from her mother over the matter of her meetings with George Drew, and was intensely surprised to find there was none. Time went on, and when ten days had passed, the girl mentioned her relief and bewilderment to Mrs. McLane.

"You ma is maybe thinking up a real excuse to stop your going with George Drew," suggested Mrs. McLane, who was busy watching a pot of fudge. "Up to now she can't think of any save that he's Mis' Drew's nephew. I can't either for the matter o' that. I told him night before last when he come over here looking as if he wanted a mother. He's a weakling, I reckon, and shows it in his own mind. I liked the set of his mouth when he said that, unconscious like, certainly, and I reckon he may him the compliment last night, Calisty."

"She said there seemed nothing wrong about him since he was Mis' Drew's nephew," sighed Calista. "I was watering the peony-bushes and I guess you both knew I heard. You made the first remark, Mrs. McLane."

"Just to say I hoped my Dick would be the same sort of man some day," said Mrs. McLane.

Calista sat silent, her face tell-tale. She had lain awake all the spring night through, thinking over her mother's remark. "Only that against him, only that against him!" How are we going to get over the enmity between the two families?" she had whispered to herself over and over.

"George Drew has just about made up his mind what to do, I guess," said Mrs. McLane suddenly. "I couldn't tell so in words to me but then I could tell, just the same. And I said to myself when he'd gone, 'Has two weeks been long enough for Calisty to be as real sure of her feelin's for him as he is of his for her?'"

Calista colored hotly before the keen glance. Mrs. McLane folded up the blue jeans and went into the next room to put them away. She was assured now of all she wished to know. Her mouth quivered a moment with her own odd smile. This love affair between George Drew and Calista Henderson was the most piquant thing that had happened in the block for a long time, and it was giving rise to all sorts of speculation among the neighbors.

A long distance call was a very unusual thing in the McLane household and when one came a few mornings later Mrs. McLane was flustered. There was a few moments' delay in getting connected with the person at the other end of the line, and in it she turned to Dale.

"A funeral, I expect. Maybe it's my sister Loosher, took in one of her spells—and I with my good dress awful old-fashioned." A provoked expression crossed Mrs. McLane's face. "It would be just like Loosher to up and die when she knows I ain't got a thing sewed to wear at her funeral."

Dale lingered to find out if the long-distance call had any real interest, and at his mother's exclamation he whistled and took a chair. Half a minute, and Mrs. McLane hung up the receiver.

"Calisty," she announced flatly. "She and George are at Deep River—Calisty went for a visit to her aunt there. They're coming back tonight and they want me to break the news afore they get here."

Dale whistled again.

"That's an awful tough job to give any one, but I'll do it for Calisty. And now that I've got my breach I ain't so shocked—I know two. Calisty says she

"What about her dad?" asked Dale.

"It's a case of over the threshold pa and ma," said Mrs. McLane tersely.

They pretended not to see her going with George, anyway."

"Ma Henderson had her own reason for doing that—I'm thinking that this business sorter smooths things over for Mis' Henderson, after all, and I guess she'll see it, too. She knows George Drew is a good man for any girl to set back to the city, and they planned to give him a surprise party to finish up with. I guess Anne Scott was to figure at it."

"I've watched that Anne Scott business—" Mrs. McLane paused abruptly. At the open kitchen door stood Ma Henderson, bruised pansy in her trembling fingers.

"You skip, Dale," advised his mother. Ma Henderson sank on to the vacated chair. "I was pickin' pansies," she said, "and your parlor window it was open and I heard you say loud, 'Calisty's married.' And I—I got round to your door."

Mrs. McLane closed it. "Woman," she said solemnly, standing before the door before her neighbor. "You know you ain't truly sorry. The Lord gave you a good daughter and a good husband, and put a good man in her path who's married her. You've got no cause for real complaint and you know it. The only end this miserable spite business," she went on scornfully and loudly, "when it comes close to destroying the happiness of a child you're all wrapped up in. Just ask yourself if you could bend your knees and say 'Oh, Lord, don't let Calisty marry George Drew even if she loves him because of that old spite and because of the mean things said the other day about Pa's undertaking.' Could you make a prayer like that, I ask—could you?"

Ma Henderson looked like one under revival influences. "I wasn't that complained, "you wouldn't put things——"

"Put things nothin'," said Mrs. McLane. "I'm down to bedrock, that's all. Could you make that prayer?"

"No," admitted Ma Henderson.

"Then that's all," announced Mrs. McLane triumphantly. "You get back home and start bakin' for a surprise party there'll be tonight. I won't tell you anything more now, but you'll fall in with the doings for Calisty's sake. There's a surprise on them that's coming as well as the two it's given for," added Mrs. McLane with a chuckle.

"I'd like to run over to Mis' Drew now," said Mrs. McLane to Dale a few minutes later. "Yet I'll bake a plate o' bunnocks first, for she's awful partial to 'em, and I've known a little thing to help a big thing along afore this, same as the mouse did the lion."

But Mrs. Drew proved unwilling even with the bannocks fragrant under her nose.

"I ought to see Calista," she [illegible] "but those two things don't [illegible] other and what more is there to it?"

"She's awful ungrateful of George——"

"Things like that don't stand when Love comes along. And you've got no time to sit thinkin' in that style with only a few hours atween now and when George and Calisty get back here. What you've got to do is to think how you can square up with the situation. Why I took a notion to come over here and talk it out was because you told me you'd planned a surprise-party for George tonight."

"I had."

"And I thought we could have a real good time with the folks that's coming by givin' them a surprise. I'm sorry I'm here and meet George and Calisty——"

"In this house?" exclaimed Mrs. Drew. "Sure," agreed Mrs. McLane impertinently. "If you call your party off, everybody'll be snickering. Go ahead and turn the tables on other folks 'stead of on yourself. It's the outsider that sees clearest and I'd hate it awful if you was to let the neighbors get a rise on you by being able to say you was mad. They're just ready for it."

"It seems queer that to have Calisty here tonight is my way out o' the fix," Mrs. Drew said at last.

"It is, that. It's showing the whole bunch that no one has got the better of you." And Mrs. McLane said no more, for well she knew that this last sentiment was the basis of Mrs. Drew's whole social existence.

The plate of bannocks was taken into the buttery. "I'd thought of Anne Scott for George, but I guess she thinks your Dick is as good-lookin' as the next fellow," was the remark thrown out jerkily to Mrs. McLane after a few moments. And then, "Have your own way about the surprise-party if you must. I'll make it plain to Calisty from the start that she ain't got one on me by doing the way she has."

"You managed to get the folks together, Ma, and it ain't your fault if some of 'em act a bit stiff and uncomfortable with one another," said Dale to his mother when the evening was almost over.

"I ain't worrying none about that," said Mrs. McLane easily. "Folks may tumble on each other's necks all of a sudden in story-books, but they ain't so apt to in real life. The ice is broke atween the two families with a good hard crack and Ma Henderson is disposed to sorter coax things along pleasant from now on."

"But Mis' Drew is having a bit of a time not to look as mean as she feels," said Dale. "It was a good idea of yours to have the party meet at Drew's and then come over here to Henderson's for the refreshments. It was some fun to watch 'em all meet—the ones that come just laughed out when they saw they was surprised as well as surprisin', and George looked plain astonished and Calisty kind o' wet-eyed. Mis' Drew stood up in that queer dress of hers which suits her figure and suits it dump, and——"

"Thorax Jerry pokin' his nose in at the back," interrupted Mrs. McLane. "I told that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Second Half of an Absorbing Railroad Story

BROTHERS OF THE RAIL

By Lemuel Lawrence De Bra

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The First Half of the Story

BOB WARREN, fireman on the B. Y. & N. railway, receives a mysterious message telling him to come and look out for his brother, Harry, in Oakhurst. Before he leaves for that place Bob eats dinner with the Lowerys, whose daughter he is courting. Jack Lowery, the brother, seems ill at ease during the entire meal. Shortly after dinner Bob leaves and, since he does not care to tell the crew his business, rides in an empty baggage car of No. 37. There he encounters another intruder who, after a struggle, shoots him. Bob falls from the car, but luckily his wound is a mere scratch. He catches a train about an hour later for Oakhurst, but when he reaches his brother's room discovers that he is gone. An envelope bearing the same handwriting as his own mysterious message and the postmark of Deems, lies on the dresser. Bob reads the message, which makes him believe his brother has gone to Black's Crossing for an evil purpose. Bob jumps the next train, but, after boarding it, remembers that it does not stop at the crossing. However, as the train goes by, he sees the figure of a man standing near the station. The man looks vaguely familiar. When he gets to the hotel in Deems he finds detectives who accuse him of holding up the Midnight Express. To shield his brother, whom he thinks involved, Bob assumes the guilt. Just as the detective handcuffs him, Jack Lowery and his sister rush into the room. Jack cries, "I am the guilty one."

This story began in last week's Ledger. Copies may be obtained from our agents, newsdealers, or by mail direct from us.

CHAPTER IV.

TANGLED CLEWS.

DUMFOUNDED by Lowery's dramatic entrance and his startling announcement, the three men stared at him with jaws agape. The detective was the first to find his voice.

"What do you mean?" he demanded sharply.

"Just what I said!" Lowery flared back.

"This is remarkable!" gasped Decoto. "We trace the crime to Warren, we confront him with our proof, and he admits his guilt. At that moment you step in and say you are the thief. Were you with Warren?"

"No, sir. Warren had absolutely nothing to do with it. I was alone."

Warren almost cried aloud with joy. Lowery was alone! After all, Harry had taken no part in the hold-up! What about the note, however, the one calling him to Black's Crossing? And what was he doing under the eaves of the lonely section-house? Matters were still very badly tangled.

The division superintendent was staring at Lowery with furrowed brows. Lowery returned his gaze respectfully but with a stubborn air.

"Explain yourself!" ordered Decoto finally. "Let's get at the bottom of this before the mystery grows any more."

"There isn't much to tell," Lowery answered slowly. "I planned the hold-up myself. Last night I hid in an empty box car 37 landing to run up to the Crossing, keep in hiding there, and then hit the Express when she came through. As 37 was pulling out of the yards, Bob Warren climbed into the car. I was afraid to have him see me so I tried to throw him out. I shot him accidentally. He fell out of the car at Black's Mill. That's the last I saw of him. I went to the Crossing, made a [illegible] and beat it back [illegible]"

[illegible] exchanged glances. Lowery's story supported Warren's statement. Decoto picked up the revolver they had taken from Warren and handed it to Lowery.

"I suppose, then," he said, "that this is yours."

"Yes, this is my gun. I——"

Lowery started violently and broke off speaking. He stared at the revolver a moment; then his eyes sought Warren's face as the his mind was grappling with some deep mystery.

"You fired once at the expressman," remarked the detective who had noted Lowery's agitation. "Where is that gun?"

"I lost it when I jumped from the train. Search me if you don't believe it."

The detective searched him but found nothing.

"I don't know what to think of this," said Decoto, after a silence. "Are you lying or——"

"I am not lying!" declared Lowery emphatically. "I am the man who tried to hold up the Midnight Express."

"Very kind of you to come up here and tell us all about it," scoffed the officer.

"I didn't come here to tell you. I came to stay with Bob because I didn't want to disturb my mother and sister at this hour. I heard you charge Warren with the crime and, to save him, I had to confess."

"Ah, I see. Where did you leave the train after the attempted hold-up?"

"Near Joe Black's sawmill."

"Then what did you do?"

"I walked back to the Crossing at once and caught an extra freight into Deems."

"And then——"

"I came to this room at once."

The detective's eyes glinted evilly. He took a step forward and pointed an accusing finger at Lowery.

"See here, young man!" he snapped. "You say you fought with Warren in that car, that you jumped from the Midnight Express, walked back to the Crossing in a drenching rain, rode a freight into Deems, and came direct to this room. Warren looks like a drowned rat. Why is it that your clothes are not wet or your shoes muddy?"

Lowery was taken aback. Sheepishly, he looked down at his perfectly dry suit and unspotted shoes. Then he jerked erect. His under jaw shot forward.

"None of your business!" he exploded. "I have confessed to the robbery. I'm the man you want. Why don't you arrest me, eh? Why don't you put that handcuffs on my wrists?"

"Enough of this!" thundered Decoto. "Davis, arrest both these men. I think they are——"

There came a sharp rap on the door. Warren opened it and stepped back with an amazed exclamation. Enid Lowery, pale and alarmed, stood on the threshold and looked at the four grim-faced men in wonderment.

"Why, Enid!" spoke up the astounded Decoto, "what brings you here at this hour?"

"I—I was looking for Jack," faltered the girl. "I rapped several times but you didn't hear me. Then I heard you tell Mr. Davis to arrest some one. Was it—was it my brother?"

Silence fell over the room. The superintendent dropped his gaze before the pleading eyes of the girl. Jack Lowery was visibly disconcerted.

"Enid, you go on home," said Lowery. "I'll follow later. We have a little private business matter to talk over."

"No, I won't," declared the girl with determination.

[illegible] wrong. What is the meaning of that revolver and those handcuffs?"

"Your brother has confessed to robbing the——"

The detective blurted out the words indiscreetly. He never finished. What happened occurred so swiftly that it was always a blur in Warren's memory.

Jack Lowery's clinched fist swung with terrific force and struck the officer's half-open mouth with a sodden, grewsome sound. The detective shot into the corner and crumpled up in a silent heap.

Enid slipped to the floor, fainting. Warren and Decoto sprang to her side and gently lifted her onto the couch. At a word from her brother she opened her eyes and sat up. The detective, dazed and speechless, struggled to his feet. Then Decoto took the situation in hand.

"Enid," said he, "you may as well know the whole truth now. The Midnight Express was held up last night at Black's Crossing." Then he told all the details, briefly and rapidly, sparing neither Warren nor Lowery. "Just as you entered," he finished, "I had decided that since each man had confessed to the crime it would have each of them arrested and held until we could clear up this mystery. Can you throw any light on the subject?"

When Decoto began his narration, Enid listened closely. As the startling events and baffling complications of the night were related to her, she leaned forward with eager face and drank in every word. When told how Warren had taken the revolver from the wounded man in the car, and how her brother Jack had admitted that it was he who had made the murderous attack, she picked up the weapon and examined it with visible agitation. Her quick wit told her things that escaped the men, and her intuition gave her the end of the story long before the superintendent reached it. When he finished, she smiled.

"I would like to see the note Mr. Davis received making charges against Bob Warren."

The detective promptly got out an envelope and handed it to Enid. She laid it down on the table with the note taken from the envelope.

"I cannot say anything that will help to explain matters," she said. "At least not now. Later, perhaps, but now, to act hastily, Jack and Bob may be guilty; but there is a big doubt. And as long as there is even a shadow of a doubt, you should consider them innocent. Do not do anything tonight, Mr. Decoto. In a day or so we can look at this terrible [illegible] We [illegible] Then can [illegible] their freedom when they themselves tell me they are guilty!"

"Perhaps each man has confessed for a purpose. There are serious discrepancies in each man's story. Consider also that note you took from Bob. That is not my brother's writing. If either of them had anything to do with the hold-up, there was some one else in the plot with them. Let us find that man before we bring disgrace on these two."

"There may be something to what you say," rejoined Decoto thoughtfully. "Each man seems to be holding back something. That's why I thought it best to arrest them both until we can look into their stories. When did your brother leave the house last night?"

"He left in time to catch the 37. I know nothing of his whereabouts last evening. Remember, I do not say that these two are innocent. I say there is a big doubt of their guilt notwithstanding their confessions. I am asking you not to make a snap judgment. You are skeptical of Warren's story of the fight in the car and you were ready to swear that he was shot while fleeing from the expressman. Yet, any one with half an eye can see from the powder burns on his coat that he was shot from the front at close range."

Hearing this reflection on his astuteness, the detective arose to a sitting posture and scowled at Enid darkly. Decoto could not restrain a smile.

"You almost convince me to do as you say, Enid," said the superintendent. "And yet——"

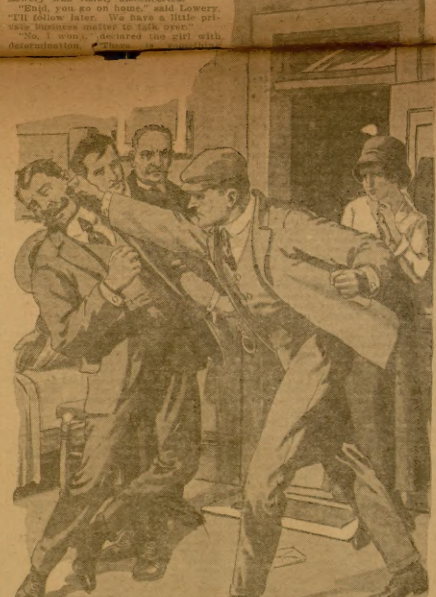
He paused with a rising inflection. It was plain to see that his heart was with Enid's plea. Life-long friend of both families, he was eager to grasp at anything that would save the Lowery or the Warren family from such disgrace. Had not the detective been aware of all that had transpired, Decoto would have acceded to Enid's request without delay. In the presence of the officer, however, he wanted to justify himself before he took any such action.

"You think I ask too much," argued Enid. "Supposing, Mr. Decoto, that it was your boy Wilford——"

"Wilford was taken ill yesterday noon and hasn't left his room since," put in Decoto hastily.

"So I understand," went on Enid. "I am only saying, supposing it was your boy who was suspected of such a crime, wouldn't you want every opportunity to prove his innocence even tho he had admitted his guilt?"

"Yes, yes, I understand your position, my dear girl. Yet this is a serious thing



Jack Lowery's Fist Swung Forward With Terrific Force.

you ask me to do merely to satisfy a girl's whim."

"It is not a girl's whim!" cried Enid with flashing eyes. "It is simple justice. For some reason these men have confessed to a crime that down in your heart you know they would not commit. Have you forgotten, Mr. Decoto, that my father was firing for Tom Warren on the day of the awful wreck at Deer Gulch? Have you forgotten that those two men gave their lives in the service of the road? There never was a stain on their names and they died—heroes of the cab! Remembering that, can you look into my eyes and say that either a Lowery or a Warren is a thief?"

The division superintendent was deeply moved by Enid's passionate appeal. "It shall be as you say," he said simply.

"Thank you," replied the happy girl, deep gratitude in her voice.

"Until further notice than to suspend Warren and Lowery from duty until this matter is cleared up, I will take no action concerning them while you will see that they are kept under watch, but do not dare to breathe one word of what you know about their connection with the hold-up."

The detective received these orders in silence. From the troubled and prejudiced condition of the lower part of his face, it was apparent that it would be a long time before he would again say anything without first taking careful thought.

"Now," finished Decoto, "I guess we have done all that can be done tonight. In the morning I will put another man to work on this case and we'll soon solve the mystery. Meanwhile, I bid you all good night." Accompanied by the detective, Decoto passed out the door and left the two men and the girl alone.

The three friends looked at each other with questioning eyes. Jack was the first to break the silence.

"It's getting late," he said. "Come, Enid, we'd better hurry home."

From the disinterment in Enid's face it was clear that she had expected to discuss the mystery that was puzzling them. But she quietly acceded to her brother's request, gave Warren a friendly hand-clasp, and then, followed by Jack, left the room.

Warren stood for a moment and listened as their footsteps died away down the hall. Then he flung himself into a chair and bowed his aching head in his hands. What a night it had been! Surprise had followed surprise and mystery [illegible] with startling suddenness. Lowery had confessed to a crime of which he was innocent. Lowery had entered on the scene and apparently settled everything. Then Jack had followed, and by persuading Decoto to investigate further, had placed Warren's brother again in danger of having the crime fastened upon him.

What did it all mean? Certainly it was Jack Lowery who had attacked him in the car. Lowery had admitted also that he had tried to rob the Midnight Express but he had been tripped up in that story. Was he, too, trying to shield some one?

If so, it must be Harry Warren. Yes, that was it. Jack and Harry had planned the hold-up. Jack happened to enter Warren's room just as he was being arrested for the crime. To save Warren, Lowery had confessed. To save Harry, Lowery had declared he was alone in the affair.

Warren felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Startled, he sprang afoot and looked into the pale, grave face of the confessed train bandit, Jack Lowery.

"Keep quiet, Warren," said Lowery in a low voice. "I have something of importance to say that is for your ears alone."

CHAPTER V.

ON THE BANDIT'S TRAIL.

WONDERING greatly what Lowery would have to say, Warren dropped into his chair again and waited expectantly. The big fellow seated himself, fumbled in his pocket a moment, then drew out a small roll of bills. He pushed the money into Warren's hands.

"Bob, help yourself," he said. "The block is dead against you. Take this masuma, and beat it out of town on the first train."

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Warren.

"I mean that you haven't a possible show. That was a clever story you framed up, but with the railroad police on your trail, the hold-up will be traced to you in less than twenty-four hours."

Warren sank back into his chair and stared at Lowery dumfounded. "What could the fellow be driving at?

"I thought you were the bandit," he managed to say, finally.

"Bah, you know better. I put up that story to help you, but you don't seem to be very appreciative. I went out to the Dutch Colony last night to a blow-out and on my way home I saw a light in your room. Enid was still up and I mentioned it to her. She was worried about the way you left us last evening, and was afraid you were in trouble. She tried to get you on the 'phone. When that failed, she sent me. At your door I caught the sound of voices. I listened and overheard everything. I tried to think of a way to help you and finally hit upon that fake confession, thinking it would give you a chance to clear out and it wouldn't hurt me because an hour's invention tomorrow would prove my innocence.

"Davis got me badly tangled," he went on, "especially when Decoto handed me my own revolver. Where the deuce you picked that up has me guessing. I would have lost out if Enid hadn't come to see what was keeping me. She arrived just at the right moment. Now you have a chance. Take it. Don't be foolish, Bob. I'm not asking you why you did it, nor handing out a free sermon. All I'm thinking about is that you are a friend in trouble, and I want to help you."

To this astonishing revelation, Warren listened with conflicting emotions. Was the fellow lying, or did he really have nothing to do with the hold-up? Warren had always liked Jack and wanted to believe him. Yet if Lowery's story was true, the identity of the masked man was more of a mystery than ever.

Warren's tense nerves had reached the snapping point. A sudden reaction from the strain of the night came over him. He could not resist an impulse to be silly.

"Jack, you're drunk?" he laughed, throwing the money into Lowery's lap. "You're pulling the bell-cord and wondering why you don't hear the whistle."

It was Lowery's turn to be astonished. "What the deuce are you talking about?" he exclaimed. "Wasn't that true what you said about being the bandit?"

"Sure it was," replied Warren, as he got afoot and picked a pipe off the dresser. "I've done lots of these jobs. In fact, I've always lived a life of crime. I shovel the black diamonds for a living, I fire up trains,"—and he dropped his voice to a stage whisper—"to get money to buy smoking tobacco. Won't you stake me to aspipeful until I can pull off another job?"

Bewildered, Lowery arose, pulled out his sack of smoking, and mechanically handed it over. He watched Warren closely while the pipe was being filled and lighted. Warren took a long draw, and thru the curling blue smoke, saw real anxiety in Lowery's face.

"Jack, I appreciate your kindness," said he. "If you really wish to help me, however, go home and let me smoke my pipe in peace. I've had a hard run and I'm due for a little rest. We're off duty, you know, so I'll drop around tomorrow and have a talk with you."

Lowery looked at Warren curiously. Then he shrugged his shoulders and turned to leave.

"I hope you know what is best," he said, "but you've got me all tangled up in the yards." The door was closed behind him.

Warren dropped into a chair and smoked thoughtfully. Was Jack Lowery a scoundrel? Was he really the bandit? Or did he actually believe that Warren was the train-robber? Did he have some secret motive in urging Warren to skip out? Warren hardly knew what to think.

It was certain that he had been assaulted by some one with Lowery's revolver. That person was apparently on his way to Black's Crossing. The mask argued that he was planning a robbery. And it seemed clear that he had made an appointment to meet Harry Warren, who apparently was his partner in crime.

Now who was that person? Warren

Six Shots He Fired at the Bandits' Machine.

reasoned it over and always came back to the same conclusion—that it was Jack Lowery.

At any rate, he decided not to take Lowery into his confidence until he had talked with Harry. His first step, therefore, was to see his brother. That interview would no doubt clear up the whole affair. Determined to get the early train for Oakhurst, Warren knocked the ashes from his pipe, took a bath, and, after bandaging his shoulder, retired.

It seemed to him he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a loud banging on his door. He sat up in bed and tried to collect his wits. The sun, shining in the window, warned him it was late in the forenoon.

"Who's there?" he called sleepily.

"Decoto!"

The name brought swift recollection. Warren sprang from bed, pulled on a robe, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Warren," said the division superintendent coolly, as he strode in, closed the door behind him, and looked sharply around the room. "When Davis and I left last night he took your muddy derby as evidence and I thought he also took Lowery's revolver and the two notes. When I asked him for them this morning he said he thought I had them. Which means we left the things here. Where are they?"

"Why, I haven't seen them," replied Warren, as he stepped quickly to the table. "The note and the revolver you took from me were laid on this table. The letter Davis gave Enid was put there. That's the last I saw of them."

Decoto looked at Warren's face thru narrowed lids. His jaws came together with an ominous click. "Warren," he gritted, "I'm done with you. You lied to me last night and I believe you're lying now. I've been thinking over what has occurred and if I hadn't given my promise to Enid I would have you over to the law right now. As it is, the case is in the hands of the detectives, and when they get you, you'll take your medicine. I wash my hands of you until I know you're not a crook."

Before Warren could frame an articulate reply, Decoto had slammed the door behind him and was stamping down the hall toward the stairs.

Warren went thru his morning toilet with a very sober face. Matters were becoming more complicated and serious every hour. Feeling that not a moment should be lost in bringing affairs to a crisis, he hurried thru his breakfast, and, having missed the early train, caught a later one for Oakhurst.

Disappointment awaited him. From Harry's landlady he learned that a young man and a girl had called on Harry during the noon hour and the three had left for Deemsville immediately after. Warren felt certain that the visitors were Jack and Enid Lowery and it caused considerable uneasiness. What business could the two have with Harry except the hold-up affair? And Warren desired above all else to keep Harry out of the trouble.

He hurried back to the station and at two-thirty caught a freight train for Deems. Again luck was against him. The heavy rain had converted the creeks into raging floods and for several hours the train was held at a point sitting on account of a shaky bridge. When the freight finally nosed its way into Deems, night had fallen and a deluge had crept up the river and wrapped the whole valley in a blanket of white mist.

Expecting to find Harry awaiting him, Warren hastened to his hotel. He was chagrined to learn that his brother had gone back to Oakhurst several hours before with a friend in an automobile.

Disgusted, Warren put in a long distance call for Harry's boarding house. When the connection was made, the landlady informed him that Harry had left [illegible] young fellow [illegible] shortly after he had arrived, and greatly excited. She did not know whom the message was from, nor where Harry had gone.

Warren hung up the receiver and left the hotel, mystified. With the intention of seeing Jack and Enid at once, he started down the street and was almost run over by the division superintendent, Decoto seized him by the arm.

"Warren, I can use you," he panted. "Come with me quick!"

Certain that something of momentous importance was about to take place, Warren hastened down the street with Decoto.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN MAN HUNTS MAN.

A MOMENT'S running brought Warren and Decoto to the depot. Local passenger No. 3 had just pulled out.

"Gone!" exclaimed Decoto. "We're too late!"

He turned toward the operator's window and in doing so saw the sight of a freight train on a side track. He led the way to the engine at a run.

"Out of a couple of cars for ballast," he shouted. "Then get the cab with me. We're going to catch 2."

Warren made no comment on this daring plan. By the time he had hauled the pin, the superintendent was at the engineer's window. Warren signaled, and with a few steps Decoto was alongside with the two cars began to move. He ran forward and climbed into the cab. The engineer and fireman were not there.

"Get up here, Warren," ordered Decoto as he got down from the engineer's seat. "Some one will get a bawling for leaving this engine but we can't bother with that now. I'll fire for you. Run slow until you get to the curves, then open her up for all she's worth."

When they had rattled over the last switch, No. 2 was in sight on the middle tide and the engine shot away into a world of swirling white fog. Soon they were whipping around curves, thundering over bridges, and racing over the singing steel at fifty miles an hour.

"This may be a wild goose chase," Decoto shouted in Warren's ear. "Enid Lowery rushed in while I was at supper and said No. 2 was going to be held up at Black's Crossing. She wouldn't tell how she found it out but said she knew the bandit and that it wasn't you. Of course, it's her brother. She begged me with tears in her eyes to try to prevent the hold-up. I tried to get the dispatcher on the 'phone but couldn't raise

him. There is no sight man this side of the Crossing so the only thing was to put 2's crew on their guard. I hurried to the depot and was lucky enough to run into you. It's too bad we missed Enid that can't be helped now. Get us near as you dare in this fog and signal them to slow up. We'll hook on behind and get aboard. I can hardly believe that Enid is right, but now that we've gone this far, we'll see it thru. If there is a hold-up, we'll be on hand to nab the bandit."

Warren stared forward into the fog and did not reply. He was glad Decoto could not see his face plainly for he felt the blood leave it. When Decoto told of the proposed hold-up. His brother Harry had received another message from Deems. He had immediately hurried away. And there was to be another hold-up at Blacke's Crossing!

Neither man in the dancing cab spoke after that until they were nearing Blacke's Crossing. Then Decoto leaned close to Warren's ear and shouted:

"Better slow down and begin whistling for 3. We might—"

In the midst of Decoto's sentence, Warren gave a warning cry and shut off. In the gleam of the searchlight he had seen a man running down the track toward them swinging a lantern. As he leaped from in front of the engine, Decoto saw him.

"That's the brakeman on 3!" he yelled hoarsely. "Reverse your engine! Quick!"

But Warren had already sensed the peril. The drivers were spinning backward and the whistle was shrieking a warning to the train ahead. Evidently No. 3 had been stopped some distance from the Crossing. How far the flag had come when Warren and Decoto saw him, they could not guess. At any second the tail lights of the passenger train might show up thru the fog. With strained faces the two men peered straight ahead in silence.

"Look out!" shouted Warren suddenly, and braced himself for the collision.

There was a moment of dreadful suspense, then a sudden jar, a splintering crash, and the engine came to a shuddering stop.

Tensed, the two men in the cab scrambled to the ground and ran forward. The engine had rammed the platform of the last coach. Before they could take note of what had been done, the sharp crack of a pistol reached their ears. It was quickly followed by several shots in rapid succession.

"Come on!" shouted Decoto as he drew a revolver and, with Warren at his heels, started on a run for the express car.

[illegible] his hand. He was peering into the fog right in the direction of the automobile road which, at that point, ran parallel with the tracks.

"There were two of them," he said excitedly, he recognized Decoto. "They cut off the engine and three cars and were about to run them down the line when you whistling engine hit us. They ran that way." And he pointed toward the road.

Decoto and Warren hastened down the embankment and across the strip of grass to the company fence. When they had gained the road they paused and listened.

Toward Deems they heard the sound of footsteps in rapid flight. Without a word they plunged thru the fog and darkness in pursuit. It was so dark they had difficulty in keeping in the road and before long they stopped again and listened.

To their consternation there came to them the sharp sputtering of an automobile getting into motion. Decoto, with an exclamation of dismay, started on, but Warren seized his arm.

"Stop!" he cried. "Look behind you!"

Decoto looked. Another automobile, coming from the opposite direction was bearing down upon them. Already they were in the gleam of the searchlights.

"The two men got to the roadside; but the driver of the first car, instead of slowed down, swung the door open, and called to them to jump in. There was no time to ask who he was. Decoto, followed by Warren, sprang into the machine. The driver bent over the wheel and hurled the big car down the road after the fleeing bandits.

When he had regained his breath, Decoto started to speak to the driver, but that instant Warren gave a shout: "Look! There's the car now!"

Decoto peered ahead and [illegible] lights, only a short distance away.

The division superintendent raised his revolver. Six shots he fired at the bandits' machine. With a sudden spurt, the fleeing car shot ahead and was lost in the gloom.

Decoto reloaded in silence. The driver increased speed and soon the bandits' car was again in sight. The superintendent, his face set in hard lines and a cold blue flame in his narrowed eyes, clung to the door post and, with ready revolver, watched and waited.

Warren had no heart for the manhunt. To him it seemed that Deems was one thing, to aid in the capture of the men was quite different. The men in the car ahead were his friends. Deems, one man was his brother and the other his lifelong friend, and brother of the girl he loved. Day to claim as his own. He felt that something terrible was about to happen, and he breathed a fervent prayer that he was not to be the capture of the two men in the car ahead.

They were gaining. Soon they were close enough to see that there was only one man in the car. Slowly Decoto's arm went up. He took careful aim.

"Bang!" A sharp ping and a hiss of air followed the shot.

"I've winged him," shouted Decoto. "Look out! He's coming!"

The bandits' car, with a punctured tire, swung around till it blocked the road, then came to an abrupt halt. The driver of the pursuing car shut off and threw on the brakes to avoid a collision.

A man leaped from the crippled car and, across the hood, faced his pursuers. Blued steel flashed an instant, followed by a tongue of flame and the dull report of a heavy revolver. Warren saw their driver spring erect as the electrified, then sink silently to the bed of the car. The next instant there was a jar, a crashing of glass, and the big machine came to a dead stop.

In the last gleam of the broken searchlights, Warren and Decoto had seen the bandit rush around and down the road. They did not stop to wonder where the man's partner was but sprang from the machine and gave chase. Decoto, firing as he ran, emptied his revolver in the direction the man had fled. There was no answering shots.

Before they had gone ten yards, the searchlight of another automobile swept around a corner from the direction of Deems and its bright rays flashed the road. The bandit was so close the gleam blinded him. He stumbled and fell on his face. Before he could rise, Decoto was upon him.

Warren reached Decoto's side just as the machine came to a stop almost over the men in the road. A man and a woman sprang from the car and stood in the shadows at the front of the hood.

"Take an arm, Warren," ordered Decoto savagely, as he got to one side. "Let's see who the crook is!"

Denial

Because you ask for that
which all can give,
The universal gift of com-
mon clay,
My heart shall closer yet its
treasures hold,
And to your eager plead-
ing, answer "Nay!"

Because 'tis but a trinket
charms your eye
With beauty you can ever
find again,
My soul shall still its lonely
vigil keep
O'er gems for which a
King might beg in
vain.

Beloved, there is no greater
love than mine!
No sweeter joys than those
I'd fain bestow!
And yet, because these
heights you do not
seek,
No lesser bliss am I con-
tent to know.

—H. C. STANLEY,
in "Breezy Stories."

CHAPTER VII.
AS BROTHERS WOULD.

MECHANICALLY, Warren started to take the bandit's arm, but he caught a glimpse of a tattered, boyish figure and, white and trembling, he shrank away.

With a muttered imprecation, Decoto jerked the youth to his feet and shoved his face into the searchlight's gleam.

It was Wilford Decoto, son of the division superintendent!

A stricken cry burst from Decoto's lips. He staggered back against the automobile and clutched at the guard for support. Gasping like a dying man, he stared at his son with horrified eyes. When he could speak, his voice came chokingly between pallid lips.

"Billie, my boy! Billie! In what does this mean? You are not the bandit."

"Yes," replied Wilford bitterly. "I am the man you would have tried to shoot, the bandit you have caught."

Decoto threw his hands to his forehead with a sobbing cry and stumbled forward into the light. "Oh, my heavens!" he groaned hoarsely. "You—you, my boy, a robber! It can't be true! Oh, it can't be true! Tell me it isn't, Billie! Tell me! Tell me!"

Wilford hung his head in silence.

"Speak to your father, Billie," sobbed Decoto. "Tell me the whole truth. Don't kill me to shield the guilty man. I'll believe you, Billie. I'll believe anything you say. Only don't say—don't say that —that you are a thief!"

Fascinated the terrible drama being enacted by father and son, Warren watched the scene in breathless suspense. The division superintendent seemed to have grown suddenly old as he stood in the gleam of the searchlight with his faltering shot about him. With his tousled gray hair, his rumpled and muddy clothes, his ashen face, and his trembling hands and arms, the heart-broken father presented a tragic and pitiful picture. Slowly a dumb, despairing look came to his eyes. His hands dropped hopelessly, then sought his throbbing temples.

"Oh, my boy, my boy," he moaned, "how could you do it?"

Wilford swayed erect. "How could I [illegible] been thru," he finished wearily.

"What do you mean?" the father pleaded. "Tell me what has brought you to this? Who was the man with you?"

"Hiram Davis," replied Wilford promptly.

"Hiram Davis?"

"Yes, the detective the company hires to run down criminals. It was alone last night, but he made all the plans for this deed. On the night I went with him to Lewiston, he went on Wilford, seemingly anxious to get the thing off his mind. He led me into a gambling house and I lost everything. I thought I was cheated and started a fight. I would have been killed if Davis hadn't got me out. I begged him not to let you hear about it and he gave me his word. From that time he began leading me deeper and deeper. I fell to spending lots of money with him. When I didn't have it he would lend it to me. I'll be owed him several hundred dollars. Step by step he got me entangled until I wasn't surprised when he suggested we rob the express. We were to make just one haul, divide the proceeds, then I was to buy what I owed him and go to leave the country for good. When I failed last night we planned this deal for tonight. It's over, now. And I'm glad of it."

"This is terrible," Decoto dragged out. "I thought you were home. I—"

"Yes, I know. You've thought that many times when I wasn't. The housekeeper never paid any attention to what I did. And you were always too busy with railroad affairs to bother about me. I wasn't sick, so I slipped from the house and got into an empty box car on 27. I saw Bob Warren get in and was afraid he would recognize me. So I put on my mask and tried to throw him out of the car. Finally I threw my revolver at him, thinking I would disguise my voice and order him out. He tried to jerk the gun away and it exploded. When I heard the report of the car I was afraid he was killed. I threw his hat out, as I couldn't stand to have it in the car with me. At the Crossing I hung around the section house until the express arrived. But I had lost my nerve, and I made a failure as a bandit. I leaped from the express but got on again a few cars behind and rode the Vestibule stairs into Deems. I was home in bed before you knew of the affair."

"Then Warren and Lowery had nothing to do with it?"

"Absolutely nothing. It was Lowery's revolver that Bob took from me.

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[illegible] from Lake. He stole it [illegible] Lowery's car. We [illegible] to throw suspicion on Jack. To get him out of town the night of the hold-up, Davis had me write to him about [illegible] saying something about Black's Crossing and Wednesday night. Also I wrote a note to Davis saying that Bob should be watched. Davis was to trace the hold-up and we schemed to make him think his brother was the thief. We hoped that Bob would confess to shield [illegible] hands and the scheme would have worked to perfection had not Jack Lowery [illegible] confession. That got Davis so muddled he [illegible]

"But I don't understand," said Decoto. [illegible] I don't understand. He doesn't realize [illegible] all my life I've been set aside for [illegible] You brought him into my home an orphan, when he and I were mere boys. I tried to be good to him. When you came home that first night I ran to [illegible] ed me aside and took him into [illegible] You didn't realize how that [illegible] And you don't realize that you have treated me just that way ever since. All your thought has been for him. With me you take everything for granted. You have set him up as a model and taunted me because I wasn't like him. Whatever I did or failed to do, brought only criticism from you, with the advice that I try to be like Bob. I've heard that until I despise him.

"Still, I could have borne all that," he continued, "if he hadn't taken the last ray of sunshine from my life. When he came between me and Enid I couldn't stand it. I brooded over it and nursed my hatred until I wasn't myself. When Davis broached his scheme I was glad of the chance to make Bob suffer as I have suffered. But I feared [illegible] everything. I overlooked [illegible] And in the hour of my bitterest failure [illegible] well, it's all over now," he finished wearily. "I'll be sent to prison [illegible] care. No one will miss me. You [illegible]

[illegible] Warren bowed his head. Sorrow and sympathy tugged at his heart and he longed to say something, but the words [illegible] A hand touched him lightly on the arm. He looked up into Enid Lowery's face. Tears glistened in her eyes. As she and Warren stepped into the light, Decoto and Wilford uttered cries of astonishment.

"I came because I wanted to prevent this," replied Enid. "I knew last night about you and Davis. I saw Davis [illegible] to let Jack know. And as for you, Billie, you couldn't be a criminal. You are so honest you couldn't disguise your handwriting. Besides you got things all [illegible] Davis. He was so sure of his game that he never opened it. It is sealed just as it was when he handed it to me last night in Bob's room. I am going to ask [illegible] Decoto took the envelope, tore it open, [illegible] the flowers. It was just like you to remember [illegible] Heartily, WILFORD."

"Why, that's the note I wrote you about the roses!" gasped Wilford. [illegible] When your father told me last night [illegible] I wanted to find out why Bob [illegible] he was the bandit, however, so I went to see Harry. He told me about receiving a strange letter about Black's Crossing. He had paid no attention to it and had gone to the night school at [illegible] showed it to me, however, we found the one you had written to Bob. We knew then why Bob had confessed. We hurried back to Deems, but could not find [illegible] decided to place the whole matter before Mr. Decoto tomorrow and let [illegible] [illegible] because I was [illegible] town in a machine. Later, I remembered [illegible] down to the mills tonight, so I was certain you were planning another holdup. I did not want to tell the police, so, after wasting a lot of time thinking it over, I got your father to try to prevent the robbery. After he had gone I was so worried that Jack and I got this machine and made for the Crossing. We got here just in time. This fog is making it [illegible]

[illegible] Decoto [illegible] Harry. [illegible] Oakhurst." [illegible] We have no evidence."

"But the revolver, the notes, and——"

"Everything is in my possession. You sent me the note intended for Lowery. I got one from Harry, and I picked up the other note and the revolver in Bob's room last night while four stupid men [illegible] Speaking for myself and brother Jack, I say there is no evidence against you. [illegible]

"I'm with you, gladly," was Warren's reply. [illegible] who planned the [illegible] and Wilford [illegible] escaped. There is no reason why Wilford [illegible] other pursuaded him to commit. With Davis gone, there is no evidence against Wilford. We [illegible] and we have all our lives. Let us keep it a secret between us forever."

"Father!" cried Wilford eagerly, "do [illegible] me another chance?"

All eyes were turned on the superintendent. His face was a study. The railroader knew [illegible] but the father [illegible] the ray of hope [illegible] Enid. His words came back [illegible]

"Reckless him. "Given if it were my son," who had played me false I would not trust until he was behind prison bars. But it was different now! Would the ends of justice be better served by turning Wilford over to the law? Decoto doubted it. Enid's plan seemed feasible. The company [illegible] dollar. And the [illegible] between them. [illegible]

"What [illegible] picked us up and helped [illegible] asked Decoto, pointing to the machine with the unknown driver.

"Why, I [illegible] him," cried Warren. "And I am sure he was shot just before we ran into Wilford's [illegible]

"What's that you say?" demanded [illegible]

"Yes, I saw him fall." [illegible] and ran down the road toward the two automobiles. Warren, Decoto and Wilford [illegible] the road after them.

They found the driver lying where Warren had seen him fall. A light was struck. When Warren saw the ghastly white face and blood-stained forehead, [illegible] collapsed.

"My brother Harry!"

Decoto made a swift examination of the wound. "He needs immediate attention. Get him into that car at once [illegible]

"Father," sobbed Wilford, "I shot at your automobile. I did not mean to hit any one. And now I've killed Harry. What [illegible] Wilford, [illegible] mother [illegible]

"I'll leave it all to Warren," said Decoto.

"Come home with us, Wilford," was Bob's husky reply.

Settled utterly at the hospital restored Harry to consciousness, and he soon announced out of danger. When it was all over, and the [illegible] stepped quietly from the room, Warren [illegible] [illegible] Wilford [illegible]

"That's best," said Harry, a bit weakly. "Enid 'phoned me that they had [illegible] and I'm glad that's all it amounts to. Try to persuade him. I was just in time to meet you and Mr. Decoto. [illegible] Then I knew from recognizing me because I didn't want [illegible] Lowery. I [illegible] Wilford. When he began shooting I almost told him, but I saw he was firing [illegible]

Wilford reached over and grasped Bob Warren's hand. There was a mist in his eyes.

"Bob, we're brothers forever now—Brothers of the [illegible]

* * *

Words Could Not Hurt.

"Jones," said Mrs. Meeker to the [illegible] servant, "can you find out whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? I don't want to ask the new cook, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable."

"Please, ma'am," replied James, "the [illegible] couldn't make her more uncomfortable [illegible]

* * *

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The Love of Silver-Tongue Danny

By William H. Kofoed

Love moves mountains. It inspired Silver-Tongue Danny to reform, except for one last, wild attempt at robbery when he discovers that the woman he loves is ——

[Copyright, 1922, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A[illegible] Danny O'Neill had [illegible] his erstwhile medium. He [illegible] "apoutin'." His Warnock street pals, equally inelegant, tho, in this instance a trifle more prolix, inclined toward the definition "chewin' the rag."

Danny hadn't discovered his forte overnight. The knowledge had come upon him gradually—just as his nickname, Silver-tongue, had come upon him. Wanted made him all the more sure of himself, and resulted in a marvelous facundity—marvelous for Danny, whose only school had been the city streets, and whose training was undirected save by imitation of the cruder types of ward leaders and patent medicine orators.

Danny belonged to a neighborhood gang—a very rough gang whose adventurous spirits were satisfied only with much midnight prowling and petty depredations and thievery. O'Neill, being the youngest member of this atrocious group, looked upon its leaders with considerable awe.

One night, while eating supper, the doorbell clanged, and Danny's mother summoned him from the table. A pal wanted to see him. It was one of the gang's leading spirits—Sloozey Russel; tall, mallow, hatchet-faced, beaknosed Sloozey Russel. Denny asked him to come in and sit down with the rest, but he objected strenuously.

"[illegible] he hissed. "This is on the [illegible]."

So [illegible] stayed in the hallway [illegible] said Danny.

"[illegible] on for tonight—me an' Dippy Dick," he undertoned. "Big [illegible] another man. We—we talked it [illegible]—well, we're gona let you in on it, Silver-tongue." There was true friendship, true magnanimity!

"Gee whiz, Sloozey! [illegible] was all the gratified Danny could say.

"I'll wait for you on the corner," continued the beaknosed one. "Dash thru your rice pudding an' come a-runnin'."

"All right. I won't be a minute, Sloozey. I won't be a minute."

Sloozey, Dippy Dick and Danny met on the corner. A brief, furtive conversation ensued. Then, hands in pockets, coat collars upturned, the trio pushed thru the biting night air to the place Dippy had "spotted."

[illegible] he muttered Dippy. "We go [illegible] the alley fence, jimmy the back door, an'—aw, it's a cinch."

They reconnoitered the region, walked thru the alley, laid their plans, and drew lots for the unfortunate one who was to remain at the rear door in the role of lookout. Sloozey got that job.

All was in readiness now, but the time for real business had not yet arrived. It was far too early, so the pals repaired to a nearby pool parlor and shot "Kelly" until 12 o'clock.

At a sign from Dippy Dick they racked their cues and departed. Once they were crouched in the alley's shadow, whispering nervously.

[illegible] were chattering. "It's cold," he shivered.

[illegible] elbowed him in the ribs. "[illegible] he growled. "If you're afraid, beat it."

[illegible]," grumbled the tall, beaknosed fellow.

"Stop over the fence an' unlock the door, Danny," Dick commanded. "You're the littlest of us."

"Give me a [illegible]."

They shouldered him quietly over the barrier, and a moment later all three stood in a furtive [illegible].

"Stand by the [illegible] Dick. Danny, help me with [illegible] door. [illegible] was none now and [illegible]."

[illegible] was not at all stubborn. It gave way—and admitting the two boys to the theater. In the dim light that followed them thru the door they perceived endless rows of chairs with seats turned up.

"You're sure there ain't no danner?" queried Danny when [illegible] began to feel nervous. This job was a bit out of the ordinary.

"Say, you're not in a [illegible] with Sloozey, are you, Silver-tongue?" sneered Dippy. Danny was effectively silenced. The older boy led the way up an aisle. O'Neill barked his shins. Dippy cursed him roundly for the noise he made.

At the front of the house they came upon a circular staircase. They were aided now by the light of a street lamp, which shone whitely thru the box office window.

Dick gazed fondly upon the stairway. "Well, here's the way to the mazuma, Danny," he began, but was interrupted by a strange, chilling voice which said: "This may be the way, but you'll not use it, my boy!"

Danny O'Neill's blood froze within him. His eyes, as tho drawn by a magnetic force, rose slowly until they met those of the speaker on the stairs.

"Two of you, eh?" commented the man, who had a disconcertingly capable, energetic way about him. [illegible] down out of the half-shadows pointing a revolver in front of him, the [illegible] which shone like silver in the [illegible] lamp's rays.

The boys remained [illegible] there was no sense in this adventure. They were faced by a terribly hard reality.

"It appears," smiled the newcomer, "that a kindly destiny has made me work late this evening—[illegible]."

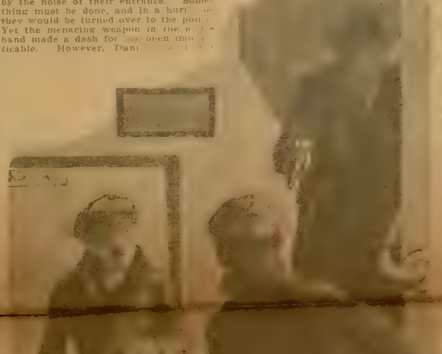
At that point Denny's mental processes began to thaw out. It flashed upon him that this was the theater owner, who, plugging away in his office above, had been aroused to action by the noise of their entrance. Something must be done, and in a hurry, or they would be turned over to the police. Yet the menacing weapon in the man's hand made a dash for [illegible] an obviously ticable. However, Dani[illegible]

"But I [illegible] their captor [illegible] a revolver in front of him, the [illegible] which shone like silver in the [illegible] lamp's rays.

"Y[illegible] so that it [illegible] further fabrication.

"The Doc said I [illegible] in the country [illegible] good things [illegible] rest, and all [illegible]

The theater [illegible]



Something Must Be Done, or They Would Be Turned Over to the Police.

forbear a furtive glance [illegible]

"[illegible]," gentleman, observing this, issued [illegible] immediate command. "Get over by the box office where I can watch you to better advantage, boys. The officer on this beat will, pass in just about two minutes. I want you to meet him. He's a dandy!"

Sarcasm! And [illegible] Danny had to fight to hold [illegible]. The cold, cold [illegible].

"We're done for, Silver-tongue," muttered Dippy, as they [illegible] into the light, and in those words Danny found his inspiration. Silver-tongue! He [illegible] he feared that nickname now was the time to prove it. He looked into the eyes of the man with the gun. They were not [illegible].

"You—you [illegible] jail—for this?" faltered Danny.

"Of course [illegible] the man, briefly. "Breaking and entering. Bad business."

Danny bit his lips and tried to look as tho he were in the dregs, which wasn't at all difficult.

"I was—I was afraid they [illegible] admitted, husk[illegible]. "But—well, it was our only hope."

"Your only hope of what?" wondered the theater-man.

Danny had to think quickly. "Of saving our kid brother," he explained. "Dick and me—" he indicated Dippy "argued it out; and—and this is the way we settled it—"

"But first, [illegible] address. I may look [illegible] put his [illegible] himself was lost to the [illegible] narrative. His voice [illegible] fencing. His [illegible] and [illegible] His eyes [illegible] in a [illegible] theater in the midst of a [illegible] neighborhood, where he [illegible] prehended in the [illegible] crime—for which [illegible] be delivered up to the [illegible] the muzzle of a loaded revol[illegible] tongue Danny told [illegible] visionary kid brother who smilingly [illegible] life's end.

"The kid says he don't mind," choked Danny, "but we know better. We saw him cryin' when he thought nobody was around. And—and a hundred dollars would say [illegible] one hundred dollars! That's what de[illegible] a year in jail—willingly, [illegible] Diddle a fighting chance—I—I guess I'll get the year all right, but Eddie's lost [illegible] chance!"

The ensuing silence was impressive. For the space of a minute, heart beats were discernible. At last the right time, Danny delivered himself of a final effort.

"Don't let them take Dick," he pleaded. "Somebody's got to stick by Eddie. And [illegible] I haven't [illegible] I thought the [illegible] and [illegible] it out. He was [illegible]

[illegible] without turned [illegible] in the direction [illegible] the glint of an official [illegible]

[illegible] patted Dippy [illegible] now. "Oh, Danny, [illegible]

[illegible] slipped his revolver [illegible] "Go out the way [illegible] and [illegible] "I'll take care [illegible]

[illegible] at the end [illegible] in the face [illegible] was almost [illegible] of Danny's sham [illegible] was wasted in idle con[illegible] ade for [illegible]

[illegible] spread among the [illegible] was made. [illegible] as an [illegible] to [illegible] ing to [illegible] to talk himself out [illegible]

[illegible] increased con[illegible] further daring [illegible] he had [illegible] The [illegible] and his [illegible] ing-room.

[illegible] he talked his way [illegible] man's wife—gave him a [illegible] was leaving.

This and happening [illegible] not once or twice, but half a [illegible] times. And now Danny put such reliance in his [illegible] he would not dare from his companions, walk into a house in broad daylight and take what he [illegible].

Then he met a lady. And the whole course of his life was changed. She was a settlement worker, and fully ten years older than Danny. Yet, with a blindness typical of youth, he ignored the difference of their ages, and decided that [illegible]

Warnock streeters called her [illegible] And every one, from the 2-year-olds to the frowsy old granddads, worshiped [illegible]

She had that unusual blend of statelines with lovableness that both endears and wins respect. Danny was not the only young man infatuated with her. There were scores.

Three great barriers stood between Danny and the happy culmination of his affair. He saw and understood two of them. They were his lack of education and his moral degeneracy. With characteristic [illegible] he vowed to scale [illegible] rd was beyond his ken.

[illegible] he said, one day, meeting [illegible] "I wish't you'd take me [illegible] I want to learn things. [illegible] how to [illegible]."

[illegible]," said the beautiful [illegible] hall be in this section [illegible] night school [illegible] book. And—oh, [illegible] many of [illegible] sit in a few [illegible]

[illegible] to th[illegible]

[illegible] the beautiful [illegible]

[illegible] er tongue would [illegible] this instance as [illegible] Yet [illegible] abundant [illegible] must [illegible] himself on a level with [illegible] choice in manners and in speech. Hence the [illegible] education.

[illegible] had been of the thoughtless [illegible] The adventure, the danger of it, had lured him on. But now he saw things in a different light. A man in love and intent on being married, must, of course, realize his grave responsibility to others. If he failed in [illegible] he were not fit material for a husband. Danny, whose mind had suddenly [illegible] s usually the [illegible] of these [illegible] gs in his own way, and decided that his life of petty larceny was mean, and low down, and unworthy of him who aspired to the hand of Elsie Pendragon, and that he was thru with it forever. So he went out and got a job.

But earning enough money to get married on the proceeds of unskilled labor, is a tedious process. This fact pressed itself in upon Danny before the first month had expired. And Danny was at his wits end, and in the slums. He was regularly attending evening school, and his diction was improving—he knew that—but he seemed to be getting nowhere in his love affair. His impetuous nature demanded action and here he was, plugging along at a snail's pace. He chafed and fretted, but as for a means

quicker to gain his end, he could find none.

[illegible] remained for [illegible] Pendragon to suggest that [illegible] unconsciously.

Danny was walking home from work—a common practice [illegible] for it meant a nickel more toward [illegible] was swinging past a row of splendid houses which his side-cast eyes dwelt upon enviously, when he heard a surprised exclamation and turned barely in time to prevent a collision with Miss Pendragon.

"Why, Danny O'Neill," she cried, "you were so intent on those houses that—that—— Were you thinking of buying one?"

"Yes," said Danny, seriously. "I was. But not yet."

His words would have [illegible] laughter, had he delivered them in a lighter tone. As it was, they [illegible] induced no other feeling but [illegible] for his desire to get ahead.

"[illegible] for your progress [illegible] Danny, [illegible] the beautiful [illegible] that large house with the red [illegible] Yes, the one on the corner. It is occupied by a famous theatrical producer, once an actor. That man started [illegible] are doing, Danny, without money, without influence. He is worth thousands of dollars now, they say. His home [illegible] gorgeously furnished, and he lavishes expensive jewels upon his wife——"

Danny's face lit up. "That's just what I want to do," he interrupted. "I—— [illegible]" And then he remembered whose presence he was, and his [illegible] reddened. And Danny felt sure, as he looked into her violet eyes at that moment, that she understood his feeling toward her.

They parted, and Danny, inflamed with love and hope, proceeded, whistling, on his way. He was happy, tho nervous [illegible] the manner in which he might [illegible] marriage had been revealed to him; [illegible] it was not a meager undertaking, [illegible] any means.

Miss Pendragon had pointed out a certain house, and had said the [illegible] lived in that house was wealthy and constantly lavished jewels upon his wife. Danny meant to lavish jewels upon his wife—when the time came—but first he must earn enough money to get the wife. He thought the man who lived in the big house and had more money and jewels than he knew what to do with, might help him out in this matter. Not voluntarily, of course. That would be [illegible]

[illegible] meant to execute one [illegible] [illegible], and then have done with [illegible] for good and all.

Of course he did battle with his conscience. That was inevitable, in view of his mental and moral expansion. But that battle, however long and however relentlessly fought, could have but one conclusion; for necessity, as Danny saw it, held the whip hand. And then, Danny was in such a mental state that he would have gone down into the [illegible] perdition for the hand of a certain Elsie.

He was deeply preoccupied [illegible] table that night, [illegible] his text books [illegible] and went [illegible]

He tramped about for [illegible]

The night dwindled, and the first hour of morning came, and Danny looked up to find himself facing a red-gabled [illegible].

It was fate, of course; or so it seemed to Danny. There stood the house, and there the money which meant the winning of Elsie Pendragon. The boy's recently awakened conscience went quickly and quietly to sleep again. He stole toward the rear lawn, [illegible] a hedge and brought up by the [illegible] room windows.

He had thought it would require all his nerve and daring to tackle the job. He had expected to go thru the thing tremblingly. And now he could not quite understand why he did not tremble.

The night was dark enough to veil his movements from the street, but he was [illegible] entering a house he knew [illegible] It might have been [illegible] protected and guarded by a [illegible] central office men, and still Danny [illegible] pressed on. He [illegible] [illegible] At [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] his [illegible] under the window sash. It opened easily. A [illegible] and he was [illegible] the [illegible]

The d[illegible]-room seemed [illegible] At first Danny could see nothing. At length his eyes grew accustomed to the place. Objects of furniture [illegible] dimly. He slipped to the [illegible], hands extended like a blind man, feeling his way about.

He came to a stop. A [illegible] flashed at him from the [illegible] was as quickly gone again [illegible] curtains, suddenly agitated, [illegible] for an instant the [illegible] chamber beyond. [illegible] bunched for a [illegible] open window.

He was a bit late. A hand reached out from the shadows [illegible] thrust the window downward. A voice bade Danny remain where he was if he valued his life.

Danny obeyed. A [illegible] Danny blinked in the [illegible] bright rays that flooded the room. He was not frightened, but vastly disappointed.

An aggressive figure in smoking jacket and slippers bore down upon him.

Danny O'Neill was automatically set to deliver some impassioned lines. He opened his mouth. It remained open.

"Well!" ejaculated the man in the smoking jacket, and the boy saw that [illegible]

[illegible] six months past.

However, O'Neill was a quick thinker, and, after the first shock of discovery, his faculties leaped to the rescue. He was trapped. That was patent. He must win his way to freedom [illegible] elocutionary route. And this time he concluded to tell the truth. He felt that he was not equal to delivering his own fictions convincingly, his disappointment in the collapse of this robbery that meant so much to him was too keen.

He [illegible] smiled [illegible]

"Of course [illegible] such a person as Elsie [illegible]"

"No. Did you?" [illegible]

"Certainly I [illegible] And I [illegible] wasn't I [illegible]"

But Danny [illegible] the [illegible] faction of a confession. "You can [illegible] mother if you don't believe me," [illegible] maintained.

The man took another [illegible] workers look you up [illegible] at home on your empty [illegible]

"It was [illegible] afternoon at the [illegible] entirely [illegible]

"Why [illegible] you here tonight [illegible] for the truth. If that [illegible] finished—and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] known it was your [illegible] have come in by the window [illegible] producer turned away, [illegible] several steps, then swung around and came back.

"Well, go on, go on! You're not dumb, are you?" he remarked, gruffly. "You've inconvenienced me considerably by this intrusion. You might have the decency [illegible] enter [illegible]

"Don't [illegible]" said Danny. "I'll give you what you want. Only—this is the truth. You needn't think otherwise."

"Come in and sit down," invited the theater-man.

"You'll not 'phone the cops 'till I'm [illegible]" Danny [illegible]

"No—not until you're thru."

They passed [illegible] heavy curtains into a [illegible] little [illegible]

"[illegible]" motioned Danny's warden.

O'Neill sank into it. The [illegible] rested his arms on the back of another chair and said laconically: [illegible]

[illegible] told the story. [illegible] six months of [illegible] and when he [illegible] the theater-man [illegible]

It was [illegible] "You loved her?" [illegible] Danny [illegible]

"So [illegible] you would steal [illegible] It's a [illegible] Danny O'Neill [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] isn't a lie [illegible] It [illegible] the [illegible] believe [illegible]

The theater-man pushed [illegible] from him and strode toward a [illegible] table in a far corner of the room.

"May I [illegible] the young lady's name?" he cast over his shoulder.

"Elsie Pender——" began O'Neill, but didn't finish, for in a wave of unreasoning fear it surged over him that the wily producer had led him into these disclosures the better to handle his case.

[illegible] Elsie would be [illegible] snarl Danny [illegible]

[illegible] appeared.

"I thought I heard voices, John," she said, sleepily. Before John could answer she spied the boy, and fell back in bewilderment. "Why, Danny—Danny [illegible]"

"[illegible] Elsie?" echoed the astonished [illegible] hand on a [illegible] immediately [illegible]

[illegible] dawned [illegible]

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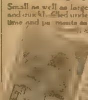

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Too Many Doubles.

A smart boy who had taken to poultry breeding recently explained to a friend how he had been "done" by an itinerant dealer in the same line.

"He drove into my yard," he said, "where I was feeding the geese—twenty of the best—with two and a half each, and asked me how much I would want for them. I noticed he was wearing double at the time, and I decided to make a bit out of him. So I said, 'I'll let you have the whole forty at £2 each.'

"'Done,' he said, and he bought the birds right away.

"How on earth make out that he had 'done' them?" inquired the friend.

"He was wearing double when he paid me," answered the smart boy.

Sabbath Observance.

All Rascals.

Senator Thomas of Colorado [illegible]:

"The Germans started this war because they seemed to think that all [illegible]

"I found out for myself that they are [illegible] scarcely any of them [illegible] that fact. We ought to deem the French girl a wild, impossible creature, a cousin of Nana, Sappho and Manon.

"I used to think she was typified in the round actress bride whose new husband said fiercely on their wedding day:

"'Now I've married you. Now, by heaven, I've married you. And remember this—the first time you deceive me, I'll kill you.'

"The bride blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in his face, and said, carelessly:

"'Second time, dearest, I deceive you, what will you do then, dear?'"

Getting Real Money.

It is remarkable that so many women [illegible] working.

Women have always worked," replied Miss Cayenne. "The principal difference just now is that they are working away from home and getting paid for it."

False Idea.

Mrs. Alexander Lambert, chairman of the American Red Cross in New York, said at a lunch in the New York Press Club recently:

"It is a matter of fact that some of the most refined and modest girls in the world. We Americans are discovering that fact. We used to deem the French girl a wild, impossible creature, a cousin of Nana, Sappho and Manon.

"I used to think she was typified in the round actress bride whose new husband said fiercely on their wedding day:

"'Now I've married you. Now, by heaven, I've married you. And remember this—the first time you deceive me, I'll kill you.'

"The bride blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in his face, and said, carelessly:

"'Second time, dearest, I deceive you, what will you do then, dear?'"

A Success.

[illegible] press them at [illegible] Black and [illegible] present would [illegible] Jury [illegible] Judging [illegible] Jury are [illegible]

Greenwich Village Type.

Booth Tarkington was lunching in a Fifth avenue restaurant with a magazine editor when a long-haired man lounged into the room in a black velvet coat, green silk shirt, huge Windsor tie and sandals.

"Holy smoke!" said Tarkington at that.

But the magazine editor frowned and said:

"Hush. That is Reginald McGillicuddy, the great short story writer. You can't have genius, you know, without eccentricity."

Dressing Up Own.

Whose Time It Was.

[illegible] on [illegible] bore no rose sharpth and [illegible]

A Dilemma.

Mrs. Mulligan—"Do yez feel better this morning, Mrs. O'Toole?"

Mrs. O'Toole—"I do, an' then agayin I don't."

Mrs. Mulligan—"That's bad fur it's hard to know whether to say 'I do' or 'I don't.'"

Clean Hands.

Parable.

Great Discretion.

Private Smoke—"I've got a dandy box on [illegible] and there's [illegible] the corporal's uniform [illegible] chimney—"What good would it be? As soon as the German cops [illegible] they'd build a million like it."

Private Smoke—"No, they couldn't. I'd [illegible] get it patented."

Voice for Women.

A farmer's wife in Connecticut, hurrying from milking the cows to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the churn, from the churn to the garden, from the garden to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. She vehemently replied: "No I certainly do not. I say now, that if there's one little thing that the [illegible] to do alone, for heaven's sake let 'em do it."

Half and Half.

For Better or [illegible]

All in the Family.

Follow Directions.

Prosperity Is Coming.

Not Full Grown.

In Prehistoric Times.

Giving Himself Away.

The Tinid Teacher.

The Farmerette.

How Could He Ask It?

Sunday Word.

123 1. A necessary farm implement.
2. Deception.
3. Wedge-shaped.
4. The mark of a hard blow.

Anagram.

124—My first is in till but not in learn.
My second is in weed and also in fern.
My third is in let but not in bet.
My fourth is in house and also in tent.
My fifth is in pen but not in dish.
My sixth is in hope and also in wish.
My seventh is in down but not in fur.
My eighth is one also in set.
My whole is a modern business and [illegible]
recently.

Jumbled Varieties.

125 [illegible] asparagus, [illegible] slak, lemon, 3, rappin, 4, dishes; 7, tostapos 8 pantiles, [illegible] onsan, 10, spea.

Riddle.

126—I'm useless till I lose my head.
Yet once it's lost my power is fed.
I live among a crowd of brothers.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as books teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

PUZZLES

Each one exactly like the others

Two fingers of a hand could break me.
I'm such a slender, fragile creature.
And yet that self-same hand could take me
And wipe a city off the map
What am I?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

119. Anagram.

Liberty Bonds.

120. Buried Proverb.

"A rolling stone gathe[illegible]

121. Divided Cities.

Paris, Berlin, Lisbon, London, Copenhagen, Madrid, Venice, San Francisco, Morocco, Lima, Augusta, Honolulu.

122. Four-word Square.

D R U M
R E N T
U N I T
M T E

Worse

She—Are you sure that we are living beyond our means?

He—Worse than that, we are living beyond our credit.

Idling Insult to Injury.

Ted—She deserted him because he was so lazy.

Jed—She's still inclined to be so. When he sends her alimony he makes the payments in lazette bonds.

Wanted Change.

"I know it," he answered. "But the kind the farmer brings me. They are just fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes" said the bride, "and that's the trouble with those farmers. They are so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them off the nest too soon."

War Sharpened His Wit.

Tommy (just off train, with comrades)—Hullo, Jimmy, how much is it for me to Leicester?

Jimmy—Two shillings, sir.

Tommy—How much for my luggage?

Jimmy—Two [illegible]

Tommy—I like the luggage—I'll walk!

Puzzled

"I'm puzzled, my boy writes me from England that he's lost twenty pounds' worth of new slang.

"That's what worries me. I don't know whether he's referring to weight or money."

Wanted Change.

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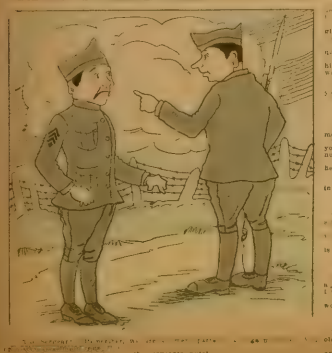

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS

Adam had a spare rib with apple sauce

Honest labor is the best remedy for bad luck.

Being bad all the time is doubtless monotonous.

A shady character doesn't always keep a man cool.

Every woman who is a good listener is truly unselfish.

It takes two banana skins to make a pair of slippers.

Men of genius often make a fortune for a man of talent.

... unwittingly ... a path of ...

An old bachelor says that a certificate of birth is a milk ticket.

A ton of coal now is better than two tons of granite hereafter.

Girls are illogical because they are too fond of begging the question.

Individuality in a man is very attractive if it is a pleasant individuality.

Singers who pursue the even tenor of their way never get off their bass.

In the millennium necks will not be considered part of chicken fricassee.

It is the peck-a-boo Swiss cheese sandwich that growns thinner and thinner.

Scenery is best observed on foot, but one may be so tired that he can't enjoy it.

In so far as an autobiography tells the whole truth it is interesting. None do.

Many a man travels over the road that leads to success, on another man's hobby.

Be not scornful of other people's love letters. If you ever wrote any you will not be.

A middle-aged man gets the final blow to his vanity when the girls do not even see him.

One of the seven wonders of the world is that people have acquired a taste for artichokes.

It's almost impossible for a woman to get into the pink of condition without the aid of a mirror.

A woman will wear a shoe too small for her and then suffer torture and hate to acknowledge the corn.

Some women's idea of being strenuous is to belong to seventeen different societies for the suppression of things.

Love may be blind, yet the lovelorn youth is quick to detect his best girl in the act of making "goo-goo" eyes at other fellows.

We have often wondered if it doesn't make the tobsorial artist sore to hate so many men in a small town sit in his chairs and read his papers and not get a shave or haircut once a month.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

MR. R. G. EASTWOOD,
Somewhere in America.

Dear Friend—I am sorry that you overlooked the matter of giving your address in the very welcome letter which you wrote to the Leager's editor. It deserves a personal reply, but the things which would have been said to you alone can very well be said to all the readers of the Ledger. Incidentally, answering you thru this column solves a perplexing problem that comes up every week—what to say to the hundreds of thoughtful, observant souls who buy the Ledger, many of whom, no doubt, take the time to see what the editor has to say. Do you know, Mr. Eastwood, that writing this column is about the hardest piece of newspaper work he has? He started it a good many years ago because he wanted to get a personal note in the Ledger, because he wanted his readers to realize that the editor had a great interest in them as men and women and children and that he people were every week thoughtfully ... to send the Ledger to the ... of a typewriter and people who ... say it. It is a hard task. So you see ... of a very welcome time

THE ... you have liked the Ledger ... for more than fifteen years you have been ... reader, that your wife has only good ... in her, that all of your children have grown up to manhood and ... for its two pages of comic ... and ... to have read to them the stories ... when we print every week. You have six children. With your wife and yourself that makes seven persons who get pleasure out of a paper, and it costs you only five cents a week. Pretty big bargain, isn't it? I am sorry that you didn't like one of the stories that we published. It is absolutely impossible to please all the people all the time. Perhaps some other reader did like that one story. If an editor could guess right all the time, he could command the highest salary in the business, for he'd be worth that to any publisher.

THAT brings to mind an article by one of the big business men of the day. Perhaps you read it. He said that he loves a man who makes an occasional mistake, that unless one of his subordinates is wrong at least one-tenth of the time he begins to lose confidence in him, for he knows that the subordinate is a man who plays ... you get very far. Just to ... in a while a story creeps in that brings down a complaint from some reader doesn't worry an editor. At least he knows that people are reading his paper and are taking an interest in it or they wouldn't have known that the story was poor and wouldn't have taken the trouble to write in about it.

THE editor has no fear that you will not like "The Mystery of No. 1313," which begins in this issue and runs thru seven installments. Neither has he any doubt as to how you will receive "The Birds of Golden Mountain," which will start next week. If you will recall, Victor Rousseau has appeared in the columns of the Ledger many times in the fifteen years ... and ... time ... tored to "The Birds of Golden Mountain" ought to be sufficient guarantee that it will be a good story, that it will abound in action and mystery and adventure, and that you will get a splendid run for your money in this one story alone.

NOW, Mr. Eastwood, you and the other readers of the Ledger can have a hand in helping to edit the paper if you ... How ... you noticed ... umn next to this called "From Your Home Town." We want and expect you and other readers to keep a sharp eye upon your home town paper and clip and send to us, with the name of the paper, any of the funny things it has about people you know. If their names are funny, we'd like to note that, too. Read that column and you will have a good idea of what we want. If it amuses you when you read it others should be equally interested in what you send in.

WE HOPE that Mrs. Eastwood ... finding something helpful each week in our needlework and kitchen department. ... conducted very carefully in an effort to ... needs ... and we know that ... ... with valuable hints in these departments. And, Mr. Eastwood, don't hesitate to sit down and write us whenever you feel like it

The Editor.

Has Your Subscription Expired?

IF YOUR subscription to the Ledger has expired or is about to do so please do it at once. Otherwise, under Government rules, we are obliged to cut you off the list and you will lose out on the serials you are reading. Look up the date of your expiration and renew ahead of that time to get the paper regularly.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Cooties, Maybe!

Sign at Madison, Wis.:

Night crawlers and worms, 10c a do...

Those Profiteers.

"Highest Prices in History Are Made by Hogs."—Market News.

The Long Stems Made Cute Supporters.

"She wore a corset of pink roses."—Kankakee Republican.

Take Keer o' Yourself.

Harry Spillum is a chauffeur de luxe in the fair city of Racine, Wis.

Looks Like an Early Winter.

"Personal—Practical woman will assist mother to coast."—Wantad.

Reel Him In!

Milo Hose of Osceola, Ind., should be appointed to the local fire department.

What Could He Expect?

It appears that Mr. Decanter of Rhinelander, Wis., was defeated by Mr. Nick.

In Ye Ed's Town.

The C. F. Murphy Co. advertises itself (what you would not otherwise suspect) as Dealer in Potatoes.

E. M. Gathercoal of Chicago should be appointed as fuel administrator.

A part of the Immortal landscape adjacent to the Elysian Fields has been laid off for Mr. Okey Meadows of Loveland, Ky.

Can You Place It?

Thomas McClary, the lecturer, was once walking down the street in a small Missouri town and saw this sign on a pair of trousers hanging in front of a tailor's shop:

Made to Fit

Broiled or Stewed?

Wanted—To use horse for feed this winter. Address H. B., 1105 E. Gordon street.—Hannibal, Mo., Courier-Post.

More German Propaganda.

"Extensive epidemics of influence have been reported from Camp Devens, Mass."—Fond du Lac, Wis., Reporter.

Kamerad!

It was more or less inevitable that Leonard Kammerad of West Olive, Mich., should have been captured by the Germans.

Due for a Grilling.

Fiends here will be interested in the news that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Block will soon return to New Orleans.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

The Rugged Missourians.

Her neck was broken by the fall, but she was otherwise uninjured. The remains were taken to Memphis.—Caruthersville, Mo., Republican.

The Genial Advertiser.

"We want," advertises an Oak Park, Ill., store, "two saleswomen that will be courteous and accommodating for either all day or from one to six."

Who-oo!

We had a short term of court at Charleston last week, only one case went to the jury and they hung.—Charleston, Ark., Correspondent of the Ozark Democrat-Enterprise.

Quick, Watson, the Map!

Under the open ... the dripping light of stars, the fire-streaked skies, and lulled by the booming of distant cannon and the wail of screaming shells, nearly two million men asleep tonight on the old camp ground in La Bell, France.—Robinson, Ill., Argus

Some More Signs.

Over in Lebanon, Ill., good cheer is displayed by another shine merchant who says merrily:

Shine Rain or Shine.

And across the street lives

DR. C. HEER.

It may be Doctor "See Here" or DR. Cheer. Your guess is good as ours.

Concluding Installment of

WHEN FATE DECIDES

By Jack C. Sims

Missive Under a Shaded Light and [illegible]

Read This First

On the waste lands of Mexico, [illegible] rides safely home in his vault, and learns of the coming of the Worthingtons, [illegible] with Ethel Worthington. Rodney is infatuated with Juanita Corbina, a Spanish dancer, who reciprocates his love, but is very jealous. Her agent sees Rodney put six bags of gold in Rainy's safe, and later she tells Rodney. Because of her knowledge, and the appearance of Worthington in Vera Cruz, Rodney decides to leave for the hot lands. He and Jose plan to meet at the water-hole at midnight. Before Rodney leaves he warns La Jose against rash actions. Rodney waits in the waste lands for Jose, and in the meanwhile Juanita, believing him to be with the Worthington heiress, is torn with jealousy. However, she soon sees that she is wrong, for La Jose rides past her house, and in his arms he carries the blue-eyed girl whom he has abducted. He is pursued into the desert and is shot. His dies as soon as he reaches Rodney's side, and begs his friend to keep the girl for him. Rodney fights off the rurales and carries the girl to the mountains. However, he does not keep her there, and so conducts himself during her day's stay in the cabin that she falls in love with him. Just before a strong armed guard come to take her back he bids her good-by and rides off alone. She returns to Vera Cruz with the guard.

This story began in Ledger No. [illegible], dated Oct. 12. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, or from our newsdealers or agents.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A MESSAGE IN A GLOVE.

RODNEY rode hard thruout the night and before dawn colored the sky he entered Vera Cruz and passed [illegible] stabled his tired horse himself, and then went to bed. He was fatigued and heartsore, and did not even remove the gold pokes from the saddle bags, for he knew they were even safer there than in Rainy's safe.

It was dusk again when Rodney emerged from his house into the boulevard, the hour when the wealth and beauty of Vera Cruz was on show in the boulevards and plaza, where an excellent band played melodious Spanish music. Rodney strolled along under the canopy of palms overhanging the pavement and listened to the snatches of conversation and gossip concerning the capture and return to the city of Ethel Worthington. Rodney learned that Ethel had been escorted into Vera Cruz during the middle of the day, and furthermore, that a man answering the fierce description Ethel had given the officers had been put to death as her abductor despite his protests of innocence. The president had made satisfactory apologies to the American consul and J. J. Worthington, and the incident had been closed.

Rodney was sorry that an innocent man had been captured and without the slightest investigation into his protests, had been forced to expiate the wrong of another man. Just then Simon Rainy broke in upon his lamentation

"Hello, Senor Rodney! The desert too hot for you?" asked R[illegible]

"Rather [illegible]

"I suppose [illegible] details of the [illegible] Ethel Wo[illegible] dent in which our illustrious friend Duke Crombon, is leading man?" he asked, and wondered if Rodney had forgiven him for the piece of hide and [illegible] quarter of a million in [illegible] gold.

"Not a word," said Rodney.

"Well, they are engaged to be married. The Duke put it over on the old girl just as I told you he would. I was the audience of the last act in which there was a battle between Ethel and her mother. After the girl arrived safely on the yacht and the tears were all shed and the kissing ended, why, Mrs. Worthington broached the subject of a betrothal to the Duke. It was such a cold-blooded proposition that I was disgusted. The girl doesn't even know the Duke, and I am [illegible] Worthington had her his dear. Miss Ethel told him to shut his mouth, the old girl got as red as an Oregon apple, turned to the Duke and told him Miss Ethel was just a bit peevish and soon would get used to his calling her dear.

"I was talking with Worthington when the storm first broke between the girl and her mother and they were quite near us. It was a hot battle—whew! But the ambitious mother triumphed. The girl was strong headed and flatly refused to wed the Duke, but when the old girl erupted like a volcano the final curtain [illegible] and her rage grew [illegible] was too hig for [illegible] All the while [illegible] her thoughts [illegible]

[illegible] her then and their [illegible] her in his arms [illegible] that happened [illegible] ker for [illegible] forgot [illegible] nights, an[illegible] love s[illegible]

[illegible] for the glove when Jua[illegible] alone on the portico, and [illegible] he could not find it he followed her. He was exasperated at the petty larceny. When he [illegible] the drawing-room Juanita was [illegible] the crumpled [illegible] under [illegible] sight and [illegible] savoring to read the English, and the glove lay on a table. He stepped behind some heavy portieres and watched the [illegible] dens and he forgot the theft of the note [illegible] eyes gleamed like [illegible]

She turned her head slowly and scorn[illegible]

Even with her head turned away from the light toward him her eyes gleamed. She gazed at Rodney a moment—he was madly in love. It was the psychological moment for her to triumph and she saw the love in his eyes and on his face, but she mistook it for murder. Juanita threw back her head and laughed, flung the note at her feet, threw herself upon a divan, wept hysterically and waited for him to kill her. She welcomed death—the end of anguish and despair.

Rodney picked up the note and read:

My Dearest Brigand: My father's yacht leaves for New York tonight. I am engaged to wed Duke Crombon, but have arranged who carried me to the hills is the man of all men. Fate threw us together, and fate parted us. I would like to bid you good-by. Please come to my father's yacht with Mr. Rainy. ETH

The room was quiet and Juanita opened [illegible] looked at Rodney. He [illegible] her [illegible] it, slowly tore the [illegible] she watched him, [illegible] the divan and [illegible] ed decided that [illegible] he wanted was Juanita. But [illegible] ought he had torn the note to [illegible] so cunningly not read that [illegible] her affections and laughing at her love for him. She struck viciously at him with a dagger with which she had concealed in the folds of her dress, but the stroke fell short and only slashed his coat sleeve. He caught her wrist, shook the poniard from her hand and arose. She laughed hysterically again, reached for a cigarette on a taboret, lit it and blew rings of smoke at him, smiling viciously the while.

Rodney gazed at the witch and smiled. "Ah, my dearest brigand, so you stole her from Senor La Jose and left his body in the hot lands for the buzzards!" she sneered and waved the cigarette dreamily.

[illegible]

"You killed out of jealousy, Senor, as I would have killed you but a moment ago. I would kill you now, if I could, but you are too strong. Ah, Senor, love is strange! It steals and kills," she said dramatically and her eyes flashed.

"Good-by, Juanita! I will return again when you are in better humor, and when I do you will have no reason to be jealous," he said, and backed out of the drawing-room because the poniard was gleaming on the floor near the divan within easy reach of her hand. As he passed

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Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd.

Talking Machines at Cut Prices

swam from the yacht he heard her laugh. She was a fascinating woman.

CHAPTER IX

JUANITA PLAYS HER LAST CARD

RODNEY was tired of Vera Cruz. He was tired of the Spanish customs and the Germans and longed to go aboard Worthington's yacht, which was gayly lighted. But it was not for him, so he strolled along toward the water front and listened to the music that came from the yacht. It was Yankee music, interspersed with Yankee laughter, and it made him lonesome. Rodney knew Duke Crombon, the president of the republic, a coterie of high officials, and Rainy were there. Worthington was holding a farewell entertainment and suddenly the desire to see Ethel seized Rodney; he wanted her then. Perhaps he wanted her because Duke Crombon had won her—perhaps it was merely for the sake of adventure. But still the fascinating Juanita, the moody, jealous, wild, revengeful Spanish beauty drew him like an enormous magnet.

He laughed. It was a habit when he couldn't himself brooding, passed into a cafe and ordered a drink. That situation over a glass of wine. He realized he wanted for millions if he played for Ethel Worthington, and he foresaw trouble if he won her. If he took Juanita he got a life of jealousy and what else, he knew not. If he left waiting the world against a society girl with millions, and he did not know which one he wanted. Then he laughed and ordered more gold haul in the hot lands broke upon his musing, and in manic thought he rambled over the mountains and the blistering wastes beyond Vera Cruz. Plundering gold wagons was hard, hard work, exceedingly dangerous work, but still it had its attractions. Furthermore, he was not stealing the bread out of anybody's mouth. He was robbing J. J. Worthington's rurale-guarded gold wagon. These questions confronted him, and each one he threw aside. He saw Ethel from the Duke that Juanita would follow him and accuse him of robbing Ethel's father of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold and also of murdering La Jose. Juanita held the winning card and she could play it at her own leisure.

"Bring me more wine and three straws," Rodney ordered the waiter when he approached.

When the waiter brought the wine and three straws Rodney pushed one aside, cut another in half and the third

at him and smiled, and spoke in English, but the waiter could not understand and only looked intelligent as possible, for Yankees usually were not stingy with their tips.

"Now, we will cut the long straw Juanita," said Rodney, and handed it to the waiter. "The next shortest is Ethel, and the third we will call Desert," he said. Rodney then looked at the waiter and spoke in Spanish. "Now you cannot stand there with your hands up—get yourself, wrap them in a napkin so you see only the ends which I take hold of to draw, then I will give to you."

The waiter was still more puzzled than ever, but Yankees were queer, so strange to him, besides they were not stingy, and so he smiled, bowed, and did as he was told.

Rodney gazed at the straws a moment when the waiter held them before him and drew one, then tipped the waiter handsomely, paid for the wine, and strolled down the boulevard toward Rainy's quarters. He was a fatalist, and like all real fatalists he did not regret that he was destined to return to the yacht and hear the bell where the bull flies sting until the blood comes, where the dust chokes and burns, where the sun shines on where the dead or dying things, where men kill and rob, where the days are hot and blistering, where the nights are cool—it was what Fate meted out to him and he accepted it stoically.

He had gone but a few when he met Simon Rainy, sweating like a bull in the arena on a hot day, and as excited as a Mexican crowd watching a dare-devil toreador. Rainy grabbed Rodney by the arm, looked anxiously up and down the boulevard and then peered into Rodney's face.

"Hurry! Hurry! Get out of Vera Cruz quick! The gold robbery has leaked out, and you are suspected of murdering La Jose. I have searched every cafe in the city for you. It will be a terrible scene against a lone wall for you, my boy, if they get you."

"The devil!" laconically remarked Rodney, and smiled.

"Yes, she's a devil and has stirred up hell," replied Rainy, watching the boulevard in all directions.

"If it's the case, I guess I'd better leave you, Rainy, and go back to the yacht," said Rodney, and shook Rainy's hand.

"You're the coolest and most extraordinary man in the whole world," Rainy replied. "A big reward has been offered to the person who will capture you dead or alive by J. J. Worthington, and still you have the nerve to linger here on the boulevard and tell me in a regretful tone of voice that you guess you will have to leave me. But I guess you were born under a lucky star. Hurry; please go, now, my boy; good news to you, and God bless you. I will pray for you because every moment I remain here I am endangering and sacrificing your life in a great degree. We parted Rainy, and he grasped Rodney's hand hard and walked away and Rodney stood and gazed after him as he departing.

Juanita lay on her divan and puffed at a cigarette and balanced the silver pendant between her long white fingers. The police perfect, who had been summoned, had just left the villa and had told him all and her eyes still glowed viciously. She cheried in her revenge, but feared, too, when she thought of Rodney's threat to cut out her tongue if it wagged too much. Juanita laughed when she recalled how the prefect's eyes had bulged almost out of his grimy face when he learned that Senor Rodney had raided the gold wagon, and had murdered La Jose after he had stretched Ethel Worthington.

Then compunction broke up Juanita like a storm, and she cried, raved and tore at the silken hangings. Then she grew calmer and when [illegible] she sent her maid for a [illegible] When she arrived she [illegible] remembered Rodney's dislike for opium and told the maid to send [illegible] Before the maid left the room Juanita lifted the [illegible] to plunge it into her own breast, but the maid hurled herself upon her and frustrated the deathly thrust. The maid was badly frightened and screamed. Juanita fought her and the police rushed into the room and separated them and took the knife from Juanita.

Meanwhile Rodney strolled down the boulevard toward his house in spite of the fact that Juanita had declared the man who would take that course dead or alive. He whistled a [illegible] melody that had played [illegible] in the plaza as he entered [illegible] where he changed his attire and then proceeded to the stable in the rear of the house and got his horse. The gold was in the saddle bags, and after he filled a canteen with wine he mounted and rode away toward the hot lands along [illegible]

Five rurales sacked Rodney's house a half hour after his departure, and an urchin informed them of the direction taken by the lanky horseman. Many dogs yelped, flocks of chickens [illegible]

In the Spanish and German colonies wagons were being made on Rodney, and the odds were two to one that the Yankee highbinder would escape. On board the yacht J. J. Worthington stormed when he learned it was Rodney who had robbed his gold wagon and he suspected Ethel knew more about Senor Rodney than she was willing to tell, and when he asked her she became ill. Mrs. Worthington feared that her husband's suspicions would make excellent material for a newspaper scandal, and so she chevied him. Ethel denied that the senator had been slain by Senor Rodney and that he took her to the lodge in the hills where the rurales found her. She declared her captor had fled and left her when he had seen the rurales coming, and that the man who had been captured and put to death undoubtedly was the culprit. That sounded well enough to Mrs. Worthington, who feared lest Ethel lose the Duke, and so put down her foot and Papa Worthington had to keep his promises to himself.

Juanita was angry as the priest at last and ordered him from the villa, but he refused to go. She then ordered her maid to leave. Juanita believed that she had the right to take her own life if she so desired and the maid had stopped her. But the priest also put off how the maid to leave and so Juanita threatened to call in the police and have the priest thrown into prison. She knew that he would have them arrest her instead on a charge of [illegible] and explained to her that when she [illegible] to commit suicide that person was insane. She listened to him and became calm after a while. Then the good priest said prayers for her and advised her to leave Vera Cruz and she agreed that she was right, and the priest left her villa shaking his head sadly.

Juanita immediately set the maid to packing her trunks and within two hours escaped she had secured passage and went aboard a ship scheduled to sail for New Orleans.

Rainy sat alone in the Cafe Plaza an hour later sipping wine and waiting for Rodney, but was put in the least afraid that Rodney would not escape. But the wine was too much for him and he was drunk as a lord at midnight when Worthington's yacht steamed out of the harbor, and the big liner which carried Juanita followed.

CHAPTER X

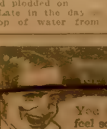
THE RURALES' TRIALS

JUANITA sat on the deck of the liner in the moonlight and threw a kiss toward Vera Cruz, person where she supposed Rodney languished and she dared the white yacht that cut thru the calm sea just ahead. But the man to whom she threw the kiss was dodging the rurales in the waste lands. At dawn Rodney fought a duel with the [illegible] out of a sand hill. He killed one rurale, he knew, who tried to crawl down the side of another sand hill, and shot down the [illegible] and then Rodney rode [illegible] into the hot lands. When [illegible] the heat was blistering [illegible] pushed on toward the blue ranges in the [illegible] across the seething expanse. They loomed deceptively [illegible] He drank sparingly [illegible] canteen and words [illegible] horse slowly [illegible]

All that day the rurales followed him, but always keeping well out [illegible] were only two of them [illegible] they disappeared [illegible] down his [illegible] But [illegible] straws from the saddle, [illegible] the gold pokes to his belt and [illegible] on his way. He could [illegible] few precious drops of water [illegible] in the canteen when the [illegible] mounted the ship. During [illegible] hours of the day Rodney [illegible] sand hill in the shade of [illegible] tus for the final sprint to [illegible] [illegible] the descended [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sorely in need of water [illegible] he went on he [illegible] behind him for [illegible] [illegible] and then [illegible] rested his eyes on the [illegible] In the smiling [illegible] hazy and blue and very near, and Rodney set his jaw and plodded on [illegible]

Late in the day [illegible] drop of water from [illegible]

Than Pills



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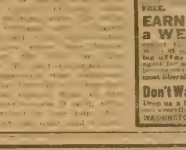

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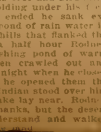

I have been so much the past few weeks by the gratitude of Boyce's Weeklies readers that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in a recent issue. This is what I said: I am going to give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it.

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Y	A	P	B	I	N	O	H
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for Rodney to come out. But Rodney had heard the captain when he pulled himself up the side of the cabin and drew farther back into the little room and waited for battle. Thru the open door Rodney could see lights flash on the water on the port side of the ship. They were far away—miles and miles, perhaps—and could have been on another ship, but he felt sure it was the coast. He was measuring the distance with his eyes when an iron bar hurtled thru the door and struck the wall near his head. Had the iron bar struck his head it would have killed him instantly, but he figured fate had not destined him to die in the cabin of Captain O'Leary's windjammer, and he fired a shot into the roof of the cabin and Captain O'Leary made a wild exit. [illegible] then reached for O'Leary's cartridge belt and reloaded the weapon, crawled to the door on his hands and knees and again fired down the deck. From the stairs leading to the lower [illegible] Captain O'Leary stood and cursed him, and dared Rodney to put down the gun and come out and fight with his fists. But Rodney rushed out on the deck and fired at O'Leary and was sorry he missed the captain, who fled to the lower deck and locked the door after [illegible] Rodney had the only gun on the [illegible] the seamen did not have any [illegible] to settle with him, so they were perfectly satisfied to remain below with their bully captain. In fact, O'Leary [illegible] not allow his seamen to bring [illegible] aboard nor any other weapons [illegible]

deadly lead dominated fists when the seamen were nasty and his revolver made him absolute boss. He was sore because Rodney had made him taste his own medicine. He was afraid to face Rodney while he had the [illegible] and the [illegible] who were not afraid of him [illegible] he did not have his gun in his hip pocket, laughed him to scorn and he snarled back at them like a cornered wolf.

Meantime Rodney had been busy on the deck and with the heavy gold pokes [illegible] tied about his waist he lowered a lifeboat after placing four oars and three life belts in it, and rowed away in the gloom toward the lights in the West. But the boat, which had not been used for many years and which had warped and cracked from the blistering tropic heat, slowly filled with water. Rodney [illegible] to the oars and the boat [illegible] thru the water at a fair rate of speed for some time, but slowed up as it gradually filled. Occasionally he rested [illegible] bailed out water with his hands [illegible] finding his attempts useless he finally caught up the oars and again pulled hard toward the lights. At the end of nearly two hours the boat was nearly flooded and rowing it any farther was utterly impossible, so he strapped four of the gold pokes to the four oars and two of the life belts, tied the other two gold pokes to his neck so they hung down his back, placed the other life belt about himself and plunged into the sea just as the gowboat sank from under his feet.

All night he swam towards the lights pushing the oars before him, and at daybreak he landed on a long, sandy beach; a fisherman told him it was on the coast of Florida. The hospitable fisherman gave Rodney hot food, and offered him a place to sleep until he regained his strength, but Rodney carried too much gold, and it was dangerous to sleep, so he accepted a heavy shirt from the fisherman, a hat, and a flask of whisky, and plodded on to a railroad station a few miles inland.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

NEW YORKERS love to be shocked, astounded, thrilled and even insulted when there is something of uncommon interest in the insult, and the bon ton had been astounded and thrilled by a beautiful Spanish woman who possessed a wonderful voice and whose graceful dancing made the very highest priced artists in Gotham gaze with awe. All New York talked about this woman, and when all New York talks about one person that person is somebody. [illegible] had dazzled the [illegible] with her charm, beauty and Spanish romance. Few of them knew what she sang about, but they did enjoy the passion in her magnificent voice. She sang at Maxine's cafe, and society flocked to hear her, to see and criticise for themselves. The wise, sleek-looking old fellows who played with bulls and bears in Wall Street and the young, idle rich were lured. They idolized Juanita and gave her costly gems, and she made fools of them.

Thru [illegible] eyes she sang to them the romance as it is done in Spain by less artful entertainers than [illegible] bina. It was real. Gotham [illegible] were not used to [illegible] them. There was soul and real [illegible] in her song [illegible] something deeper and [illegible] New Yorkers were [illegible] she fascinated them and became [illegible]

The throngs who heard her sing little [illegible] that she was one of two [illegible] New York who wandered ba[illegible] that had been full of roses [illegible] Perhaps it was [illegible] her heart and the [illegible] her eyes [illegible] to her song the pathos [illegible] that caused her [illegible] wonderful woman. She [illegible] idle rich to whom she [illegible] were [illegible] loved about. The [illegible] and dinners of the old and young [illegible] annoyed her and when she [illegible] their faces, they were fools [illegible] think that she laughed at their [illegible] attempts at wit. She took [illegible] costly gifts, and nibbled at their costly [illegible]ners, and tasted their costly wines, [illegible] scorn gave them only cynical [illegible] and allowed them to continue [illegible] ing her because it kept her [illegible]

[illegible] one [illegible] interpreted by [illegible] a [illegible] Juanita was tempted [illegible] into her breast and [illegible] Sometimes when [illegible] of taking her [illegible] crowd [illegible]bered [illegible] good [illegible] in Vera Cruz [illegible] poniard did not fall. She often [illegible] if death [illegible] painful, and [illegible] came after death. Senor Rodney [illegible] told her that heaven and hell were [illegible] es. But he had also [illegible] there was a spirit world, and that [illegible] their [illegible] on earth. He [illegible] she felt sure, and [illegible] there, too. She had [illegible] enough to suit [illegible] of the goodly

priest had presented itself when she had decided to go to her lover.

Juanita was singing a passionate Spanish romance song to the idle rich, when the other woman entered New York's most splendid dining palace. Juanita saw the Duke and Duchess of Crombon, she remembered their fashionable wedding, but she classified them among the other pasty-faced dead things that walked about, and forgot [illegible] she sang. But after the [illegible] riosity tempted her, and she [illegible] an invitation to sit at a table near them, with a superannuated financier who had told her that he loved her and wanted to marry her. Juanita did not [illegible] the pleasant nod Duke Crombon gave her, but other fashionable diners did, and therefore Juanita went up in the estimation of the fashionable set. She [illegible] nobility. Juanita did not [illegible] the Duke's [illegible] interested in the [illegible] of the Duchess' face [illegible] gazed across the tables at somebody [illegible]

Juanita saw an appeal in [illegible] eyes [illegible] out the person [illegible] was so deeply [illegible] Juanita turned her head [illegible] direction she met the dark eyes of Senor Rodney, and she gazed as tho he were an apparition returned to haunt her.

Then the orchestra dreamed the introduction to another Spanish romance, and she stood up and sang the song, with her eyes on Senor Rodney. It was the first time she had sung while standing amidst the crowd [illegible] knew that there was something ever [illegible] and more [illegible] her song [illegible] lingered on lips that did not [illegible] Everybody looked at Senor Rodney. The waiters moved about like lynxes on the deep carpet, and there was no other sound in the great cafe except the dreamy strains of the stringed orchestra, and the wonderful voice that begged for love. The idle rich thought she was acting and envied the handsome, sunbrowned man to whom she sang, and when the last note died away the idle rich applauded wildly. And when she sang again tears came to her eyes, for Senor Rodney had not even smiled. The crowd gazed at him, and wondered.

Then Rodney gazed at Ethel, and wondered if she was a Duchess, and as their eyes met, he saw in hers what he had seen at the end of one beautiful day, when he had been her captor, and they sat together on the steps of his lodge in the hills across the hot lands from Vera Cruz, and watched the stars spangle the night sky.

[illegible], who wandered thru the crowd as she sang, paused at his table and sang a Spanish hero song to him. Her song was an appeal for love; her soul was in it, and the idle rich even felt the love Juanita poured out to the sunbrowned man. Rodney felt it, too, but there was nothing more than calm interest in his eyes; they were even cold, and it crushed Juanita's heart and broke her spirit, and so she turned away and sang to the superannuated financier who had asked her to marry him.

When Rodney again gazed across the tables at Ethel he saw love in her eyes, and they begged him to come and take her away with him. At that moment Juanita's song died away like ripples of water smoothing out on the sand [illegible] was heaven and hell in the ending [illegible] song, and he looked for her, but [illegible] had gone. He then took a coin from his pocket.

"Heads it's Juanita and tails it's Ethel," he breathed to himself and flipped the coin several inches above the table, but when it came down it [illegible] off the table and rolled away.

Ethel saw him flip the coin, and saw it roll away.

Then Juanita came and [illegible] table. He did not speak to her except with his eyes as he stood up and bowed farewell.

Just [illegible] ked away Juanita drew the silver [illegible] It flashed vicious in the light [illegible] swept thru the crowd.

Rodney knew the meaning of the gasp but did not look back then—he could not. But on the threshold of the [illegible] al cafe he paused, turned about and for only an instant, his eyes drew Ethel across the [illegible] He saw the final appeal [illegible] his were cold. He bowed gravely, and then passed across the threshold and out of her life.

[illegible] Senor Rodney stepped onto the [illegible] he lighted a fresh cigarette, and [illegible]ched heavily. Once it had been the fatal straw, and then the coin that [illegible] rolled away. And so a fatalist stepped [illegible] car, and passed on into [illegible]

* * *

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Practical Smock for Women

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

OF ALL the comfortable [illegible] designed for [illegible] one of the [illegible] who has [illegible] she has more [illegible] ter dressed [illegible] of garment. [illegible] it is alw[illegible] lin for the body [illegible] for the tr[illegible] tive and [illegible] kind of [illegible] familiar to most sewers [illegible] good taste because it is [illegible] and [illegible] trimming [illegible] is such that it [illegible] attern [illegible] the work [illegible] mine herself [illegible] rment [illegible] mercerized [illegible] silk mixtures [illegible] dimit[illegible] lawns or other [illegible] which lend the[illegible] to plaits [illegible] olds are admirably [illegible] pted to making [illegible]

The [illegible] for this [illegible] on the [illegible] terial [illegible] cotton is the most practical for all [illegible] kind of work [illegible] can be used as one thread or [illegible] or [illegible] hing, which [illegible] this [illegible] perle mercerized crochet cotton forms a [illegible] lustered cord of considerable size.

The foundation for smocking is the

carefully prepared folds or plaits into which the material is laid: the evenness of wh[illegible] mak[illegible] or mars the beauty of the [illegible] work. For extra fine work [illegible] time and close application, but where the material is heav[illegible] his smock, camouflaging saves m[illegible] time. This is accomplished by making a long stitch on the machine with a loose tension. Run a row of this stitching on the line you wish to decorate, [illegible] the threads at one end and draw the under stitch to the length required and tie securely. This insures even stitches and simplifies the work materially. Over this machine stitching lay a cord of two full threads of the strand cotton or one thread of No. 5 Perle, couch this down with white six strand cotton, of which two threads are used in the needle at once. Make the stitches close together, giving the effect of beading.

Repeat this one and a half inches farther down. Between these two rows make a row of machine stitching as before, over this lay two threads of old rose Perle or four threads of the six-strand cotton, making a cord twice the size of the former. Couch this down [illegible] two threads in the [illegible] stitches about [illegible] leave a space of two inches plain, then repeat this band. The first row of couching is repeated on the collar, cuffs and pocket laps, leaving a hem of three-fourths to one inch in depth. The pockets are made deep and roomy, with three deep side plaits in each pocket. These are plaited into the lap which holds the upper edge in place, while the machine stitching holds the lower edge. A narrow pointed belt with two large pearl buttons completes the smock.

A garment of this weight can be worn indoors th[illegible] year round. With a plain, white sport skirt or even a dark skirt, it looks homey and comfy in the winter time for afternoon wear.

Beaded Bags.

INTEREST in bead [illegible] waning after one successful season, [illegible] gathering n[illegible] advances. [illegible] bag [illegible]

[illegible] beads holds th[illegible] ful[illegible] For evening use such [illegible] would be pos[illegible]

[illegible] by a [illegible] it?

Needle Holder.

AN INEXPENSIVE [illegible] arrival [illegible] itting [illegible] about [illegible] pock[illegible] tonholi[illegible] Insert the points of one of the pockets and [illegible]

[illegible] to match [illegible] It [illegible] be embroidered very d[illegible]

Splicing Yarn.

KNIT [illegible] only two inches of [illegible] two [illegible] yarn on [illegible] from the [illegible] length of [illegible] pull out [illegible] Do not [illegible] them on the inside of sock. [illegible] yarn will knit three stitches. [illegible] right [illegible]

Fashion Frills.

PANEL [illegible] with [illegible] and a hem is [illegible] the [illegible]

Utilizing Worn Slips.

A PAIR of daintily embroidered pillow cases which were growing rather thin tho the embroidered ends were still good, was used as a dresser [illegible], a piece of insertion being put between the embroidery and the plain part of the scarf.

A Glove Hint.

IT IS always the t[illegible] of the fingers that wear out first in silk and kid gloves. A p[illegible] of cotton pressed firmly in the extreme tips of the fingers when the gloves are new will prolong the life of the gloves and will not be noticed.

For Drawstrings.

TO PREVENT drawstrings from pulling out of garments, sew to each end of the tape a brass embroidery ring larger than the opening [illegible] ring should be buttonholed over w[illegible] thread the color of the tape.

To Keep Off Dust.

TAKE a square of any pretty lawn; cut a slit about four inches long in the center, and bind this and the edge of the square with tape. The result is a very attractive and handy affair to cover a blouse on a hanger.

Tunics Are Worn.

TUNICS are as much worn as ever, and [illegible] often carried out in tricot over [illegible]

Organdie Collar.

A PRETTY collar [illegible] one that is different [illegible] organdie in folds [illegible] tied at one side with velvet ribbon.

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A Page for the Ledger Boys and Girls

A Trip to Roseland.

WITH the gentleness of a butterfly's breath "Twinky Hoo's" mother [illegible] went to the window and pushed apart the white curtains, so that the [illegible] Hoo. She knew that the next morning "Twinky Hoo" would tell of the far-away [illegible] night and she wondered what they would be. She was glad that she had not been cross and scolded "Twinky Hoo" when she had taken her very most expensive bottle of perfume and poured it [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] said and [illegible] sweet little daughter.

The next morning when "Twinky Hoo" wakened and mother was dressing her, she said: "Mother, what do you think? Last night I went to the most magnificous place called Roseland. While d was sleeping a big rose came riding into my room on a bottle that had wings! The Rose sat right under my nose and blew on me to waken me—the bottle sat on the foot of my bed and said, 'I'm Bobby Bottle. I'm the one you emptied on the dahlias. Gee, I'm glad you did it, 'cause it gives me a vacation. I'm tired of just sitting in one place all the time.'

"And I," said the Rose, 'want to thank you for showing us how selfish and unkind we have been to the dahlias. I came as a messenger from all the rest of the roses in the garden.'

"Bobby Bottle chipped in: 'The smallest are so happy that they asked us if we wouldn't take you to Roseland, where all the perfume is made. Whenever I want to take anybody there I only have to say three times "Stop-the-big-shrimp," and stand on my cork three times and Ho, Ho! I have wings to fly there with. The head gardener in Roseland taught me that. When I get [illegible] gets strong and I could carry an elephant with it. You can ride on my neck, or if you'd rather ride inside to keep warm, eat this.'

"We stepped at a gate made of golden flowers and Bobbe bit a wone made of [illegible] and it was so grand it frightened me. All the streets were rose leaves, and [illegible] the houses were all made of petals and hung down from the sky, and little people rode by on conches made of petales pulled by great big butterflies. And mother, what do you think the perfume was made of?

"A Carnation led the way thru a wide street of snow white with rose petals, and then we came to fields and fields of growing flowers and flower girls were picking petals and throwing them up in the ground. There were mountains of petals piled up, and some of them flew up into the air and turned into snow birds. The Rose said they were dancing with joy because they were going to be made into perfume. And mother, do you why, for I thought instead of being happy they should be sad over not being flowers any more. The Rose said that flowers couldn't travel very far or live very long, and couldn't make as many people happy. But when they became perfume they could go everywhere, and one little drop made people think nice thoughts and breathe sweet fragrance.

"Then I was led away from the mountains of petals into the biggest room I have ever seen—so big I wanted to run away, but the Rose held tight to my hand and told me they use the same kind of lard to make perfume that you [illegible] your pies, and I thought she was [illegible] The [illegible] put [illegible] back on the lard and left [illegible] twenty-four hours and when they [illegible] off they don't smell sweet any more, but the lard does. The fragrance in them has dripped out in drops of oil into the lard.

"The Carnation then led us to a kettle so big that I know we could put our house in it, and said all that lard we [illegible] [illegible] with something that looked like water, but it wasn't. We call it spirits.

"I told the Rose, mother, that I thought spirits were wicked and she laughed again and told me these spirits weren't dead. They were very much alive, and they made the fragrance. Then she led come to the top of the kettle where it is scraped off and filtered. I didn't know what 'filtered' meant, so she explained to me and she [illegible] the Rose to tell me and she [illegible] I had ever seen you make jelly. And I told her I had. I said, 'She strains it thru a cloth or fine strainer.' Then she told me that's what happens to flowers when they're in the shape of oil after they come from the kettle.

"Then I asked if that fragrant oil was the same I put on the dahlias and she said that it was mixed with more spirits to make it weaker. She said we couldn't use it the way it comes from the kettle. It is too strong.

"Then Bobby Bottle and the Rose brought me home. Mother, shut your eyes.' 'Twinky Hoo' went to her pillow and took from it a wondrous bottle.

"This is for you mother, dearie. The Rose filled it with perfume for you from the fountain in Roseland,' and mother gave 'Twinky Hoo' the biggest hug she'd ever had.

Baby Bear and the Snow Bear

Just as the Man Caught Sight of It a Growl Seemed to Come From the Big Bear.

ONE night when Father Bear came in from the woods he said: "Baby Bear had better stay near home for a little while and not go off in the woods to play [illegible]

"What is the trouble?" asked Mother Bear, worried at once. "Is our little cub in any danger? Who could harm such a dear little fellow?"

"Now, don't go to worrying too much," [illegible] "but [illegible] with Jim Crow. He has been around to [illegible] the other end of Story Book Island and built a [illegible] be heard something [illegible] climbed the bean stalk [illegible] bags of gold. It seems that he has more money than he knows how to spend and he has decided to have a zoo and cage up a lot of animals for his human friends to look at. Jim Crow heard him tell his servants that he would give a hundred pieces of gold for a little live bear. The cowards wouldn't dare tackle a full grown bear, but if they should come prowling around here and find Baby Bear alone—"

"Don't!" cried Mother Bear. "I can't hear you say it, but I'll not let Baby Bear out of my sight."

Baby Bear was glad to play in his own yard, for you may be sure that he did not care to be taken off to Bean Stalk Jack's to live in a cage.

I think the snow clouds must have known what a lonely little bear he would be for they sent a million snow flakes down to play with him.

"Goody! Goody!" said Baby Bear, clapping his little soft brown paws together, "now I can make a snow bear."

When Father Bear came home that night a big white bear stood in the front yard.

"Goodness! Who is this?" said Father Bear, pretending to be very much frightened.

"Grr-r-r!" came from the white bear. "Grr-r-r!" said Father Bear. "Well! [illegible] Father Bear looked at the big white bear and growled so savagely that a little Goldilocks had heard she would have been sure that he meant to eat her all up.

Baby Bear jumped out from behind the big white bear.

"Oh, Father Bear," he laughed, "that's a good one on you. You thought my snow bear was a real, live bear, didn't you?"

"Most any zoo man would run from such a big bear with such a savage growl," Father Bear answered.

"Come help me give him a better head and face," coaxed Baby Bear. "I couldn't make him very good there."

So Father Bear and Baby Bear worked on the big snow bear until Mother Bear called them to supper. After supper Mother Bear had to come out and see how fine he was. Then they poured water over him so Jacky Frost would [illegible] hard and solid and strong. The weather was cold so the big snow bear did not melt and Baby Bear played with him every day, then—something very exciting happened.

[illegible] big tree. A man was coming out of the little house! stood. He carried a long rope and Baby Bear thought at once, "It's the zoo man!"

He was afraid to run for the house, because Mother Bear had gone to Mrs. Possom's saying that she would be gone "only a minute." He remembered what Father Bear had said about the white bear frightening [illegible] up very close to the big snow bear.

Just as the man caught sight of it a growl seemed to come from the big white bear. How surprised that zoo man was! He was looking for a little black bear and here was a big, snow white bear standing straight up and growling at him. He took just one look, then turned and ran for the woods.

Just then Mother Bear came and Baby Bear was glad to run to her and feel her big, strong arms about him.

When Father Bear came home what a story they had to tell him! He laughed so hard that the little brown house shook when Baby bear showed him how the zoo man ran when the snow bear growled at him.

All the rest of the winter their favorite game was Zoo Man and Snow Bear. Baby Bear always played the part of zoo man, because he knew just how funny the man looked when he ran away from the snow bear.

Sabbath Observance.

MARION, aged 5, in a room alone, was suspiciously quiet one sunday morning. Her mother called, "What are you doing, Marion?"

"Just playing, mamma," she answered.

Her mother, who belongs to the old-fashioned school, said, "Don't you know it is wrong to play on Sunday?"

Quick as a flash from the modern 5-year-old came: "But, mamma, I'm playing it's Tuesday."

The Kind She Wanted.

MRS. O'TOOLE (shopping)—"I want to see some rompers."

Floorwalker—"Hand mirrors, madam?"

Mrs. O'Toole—"No; some that ye can see yer feet in."

The Charm.

"IF YOU rub a penny on a wart and then bury it in a pill box the wart will go away," said Harry, and Willie, who had been very much worried by what Harry had informed him was a [illegible] be an easy way to get rid of it.

"I haven't any pill boxes," said Willie.

"Oh, I can get you one," said Harry. "There are a lot of them in the closet in our bathroom and I will just dump out the pills from one and bring it to you. You stay here."

[illegible] was in his hand. He took out a penny [illegible] as Harry [illegible] the box at [illegible] roads out here," said Harry. "Where I live you could not find a corner where you would dare to make a hole."

They went off together and Willie looking at his wart to see wh[illegible] had disappeared or not, and when Johnnie came along he told him about it.

"I forgot to say that you must not tell any one about it," said Harry, but this mischief was done, now that Johanie [illegible]

Harry, walking home, pondered the fact that the charm would not work because some one else was told. He also pondered the fact that he might be called to account for dumping out the [illegible]

Willie, going home, looked at his wart and thought it did not amount to much [illegible] did not work [illegible] told and what was the use of wasting a penny. He wandered back to the corner and there he saw Harry headed down.

"That you, Harry?" he asked.

"Hello, Willie," said Harry, as tho he had not seen him five minutes ago.

"Slong as the charm won't work," said Harry. "I thought I might [illegible]

[illegible] the box was dug up and they went home better friends than ever, and, strange to say, from that day the wart [illegible]

A Modern Fairy.

"NO," said the fairy, "I never have had a really good time, because I have never been up in the air. I always have to dance on the ground or else run under the grass forest, but what I want to do is to go away up into the sky, catch on to the clouds and fling myself down with the bolt of lightning."

"All very well," said the king of the fairies, "but you have never been up in the air and how could you expect to do anything that your grandfathers or even your fathers have not done?"

"I am an up-to-date fairy," said the little creature; "why my very name is modern and you have never been higher than a rose bush in all my life, and the young in these days don't follow the example of the old any more, but invent new things for themselves, so you just watch!"

The king of the fairies could, of course, have called a halt, but he rather liked the spirit of Zephyr and when he saw him perched on an airship he let him do as he pleased. Zephyr had a time keeping in his place, but after a while he balanced himself and all went well. Then, growing bolder, he flew close to the ear of the [illegible]

"See that cloud over there," he said. "I want to [illegible] an aviator brushed his ear and said to himself, "It must have been my own thoughts, but that is a dangerous cloud [illegible]

"Go thru," commanded the fairy, and so thru they went and up to blue sky beyond and never in his life did the aviator have so many hairbreadth escapes and so mu[illegible]

When he came down he said that it seemed as tho he were charmed, but little did he know what it was charmed him. Now as the aviators go forth a fairy travels with them, for it is all the rage in fai[illegible] [illegible] and sometimes they send the bodies back to earth and the souls keeping going right on up, to the kingdom of the stars, and the land of everlasting day.

The Needy.

SHE—"I can't get a new hat because the children need new shoes."

He—"I'm in the same boat."

She—"Why, you have no children."

He—"No, but I can't get a new suit because my auto needs new tires."

The Mystery of No. 1313

[Continued From Page 6.]

spectator's thought, because it was only too manifest that the girl was now putting forth a superhuman effort to recover her poise and to exhibit no more concern than the occasion warranted

Van Vechten turned his attention to the man with something like resentment stirring in his bosom, for the fellow's manner suggested a proprietary relationship toward the girl, which, for a reason he did not attempt just then to explain, made him angry. As far as at- [illegible] was presentable enough but Van Vechten was not favor- [illegible] by the sullen, battered countenance, the coarse, sandy hair, nor the big loose-jointed, powerful body

Then the cautioning glance was of a sudden accounted for: the man, satisfied that the girl had caught his meaning, showed that he had noted Van Vechten's more than casual regard, by a vindictive look from a pair of steely gray eyes—a look at once so keen and truculent and challenging that its recipient was for the moment dumfounded.

However, Van Vechten's puzzlement over this strange bit of byplay, his engrossing admiration of the girl's beauty, was broken rudely in upon by a sudden confused movement of the crowd. With clanging bell and a noisy clatter of iron-shod hoofs upon the asphalt, a police ambulance drew up at the alley. Phinney and Van Vechten were jostled with the others, and the latter's attention was distracted from the girl and the sandy-haired man

He watched a second officer and the young surgeon leap nimbly down: the first to join his comrade in holding the crowd in check, the other to render such aid to the stricken man as any faint indication of life might call for. The motionless figure, however, was beyond the reach of any surgeon's skill; it required but a cursory inspection to determine this.

Van Vechten saw, hazily, the young physician indicate the mark on the man's temple, and lay the tip of a forefinger upon another spot behind the left ear, the while he talked in undertones to the two policemen. Then the crowd quieted and he had an opportunity to look at the girl again

It was with something of a shock that he realized she was no longer confront- [illegible] His glance flew quickly hither [illegible] for the sandy- [illegible] but she [illegible]

[illegible] the policemen, notebook in hand, was taking the names of witnesses. Van Vechten caught Tom's arm to draw him away, when he observed a street urchin talking with excited importance to the other of the two policemen, and pointing a grimy finger toward themselves. Three or four of the nearest bystanders had formed a little knot to hear the boy, and suddenly this entire group turned and stared curiously directly at the two young men. The officer started toward them.

Van Vechten's grip closed upon Tom's arm. "Not a word," he barely had time to whisper, "else may the gods strike you [illegible] I shall surely do the rest"

"[illegible]" began the policeman "says as how youse two was following the guy what was killed—how about it?"

"We were," responded Van Vechten easily, "in the sense that we [illegible] ing ahead of me and my friend here and that the three of us were proceeding in the same direction."

The officer looked suspiciously from one to the other

"Ever see him before?" he demanded

"No use quizzing us, officer We had just left the Powhatan"

"Round in the next block ain't it?" the officer interrupted, his manner less arrogant

"Yes. The poor chap happened to be ahead of us and—well, I suppose all three of us were in a hurry I assure you that neither of us knew [illegible]" He smiled pleasantly upon the policeman who obviously concluded that this was not the proper direction in which to [illegible]

"Beg pardon, gents," he awkwardly apologized, "but we must have your names. Only a matter of form y'know but we have to do it."

"Certainly," acquiesced Van Vechten, and he and Tom Phinney gave him their cards. Then the former asked

"If the boy saw so much perhaps he can throw some light upon how it happened?"

"But he can't," was the reply. "I'm going to take him in to the captain; but I don't think he's stalling when he says he saw nobody but just youse three."

"Whoever soaked this fellow must have been in the [illegible] have ducked that way" Van Vechten bestowed a quick glance upon that same alley, viewing it in a new light At the same time his brain formed a hasty map of the neighborhood, and he grew suddenly restive under the policeman's detailed information

"The kid," the policeman was pursuing, "and youse three was all in a line on this side of the street, and the kid doesn't notice the guy particular until he begins to fall. Then he [illegible] two gents beating it round the corner and thinks you're chasing him Nothin' in it, I reckon: he's a fresh kid any- how"

"Thank you." Van Vechten had been feeling in a pocket for some seconds now he adroitly passed a bill to the officer, whose hand closed upon it with firmness and decision "Just as soon as anything turns up, come to me at the club. I shall make it worth your while."

"I sure will. Thanks to youse"

The ambulance was now departing with its silent burden, the crowd was dissolving or breaking up into little groups to discuss the tragedy, and the two friends were walking at a leisurely pace back to the Powhatan Once more to themselves, and Tom Phinney's volubility returned

"Why the dickens didn't you want to tell him what you know?" he demanded.

The answer was uttered softly.

"Tom, whatever reasons I may have I couldn't put into words At least, I shan't attempt to just now You surely know what a 'hunch' is: your scheme of life seems largely to be governed by them"

"Huh!" grunted Tom, without understanding, but inadvertently hitting upon a part of the reason for his friend's reticence. "It [illegible] the veiled lady in the taxi: you think [illegible] on the [illegible] an adventure Rats! No adventure [illegible] She was a lady I can tell you that"

The other gave him a sharp glance as if estimating the degree of his perspicacity How much could Tom tell?

"Tom," after a moment, "if you must talk and I know your limitations as compared with your intentions—promise me that you will not mention the lady in the taxi—to anybody"

Van Vechten's manner was so deliberate and grave that Tom favored him with a questioning stare

"Why, sure, Ruddy" was the prompt and hearty response [illegible] as all that. You know [illegible] what?"

"No, I don't. But I [illegible] I should —which is quite a different [illegible]"

He knew that one phase of the morning's happenings would not be too much for Tom to keep to himself, and for some unexplained reason Van Vechten wanted it to be the mysterious lady of the taxi.

As they were [illegible] into the Powhatan's granite archway, Van Vechten bent an inquisitive glance toward Number 1313. His curiosity was now immeasurably augmented by a fresh interest. And he received another shock one that fairly star[illegible]

For the first time in all the months that he had surveyed the silent facade he caught a movement at one of the blinds. It was drawn aside, and he was afforded a momentary glimpse of a girl's face—the face of the girl in the crowd.

But it was not this circumstance alone that stirred him. She was gazing directly at him with a look that was both bitterly scornful and accusing. In this new mien the face was even more beautiful than he had dared hope for But why should she be withering him with a look of contemptuous disdain and rebuke? He had never in all his life seen her before this day

He was actually stung to an involuntary expression of protest

"My God! Don't—don't look at me like that!"

"Eh what?" Tom jerked [illegible] round and following Van Vechten's gaze but the blinds were [illegible] closed

"You need a cocktail," Tom [illegible] pithily after a pause "This [illegible] of not going to bed at night [illegible] before noon, has got you [illegible]"

"My dear fellow," was the composed reply, "you can't imagine how eminently correct you are in that conclusion" And as they passed inside: "No cocktail, tho thanks And if you do not mind go talk to somebody else: I want to think"

CHAPTER V

INTRODUCING MR [illegible]

WHATEVER it might have been that Rudolph Van Vechten wanted to ponder in connection with the morning's happenings, he had no thought for the hourly procession of strange [illegible] Number 1313, nor for the veiled [illegible] such as her appearance had agitated him, nor yet for the murder—if murder there had been

His mind was flooded with [illegible] of a [illegible] girl's face. He saw her [illegible] before an [illegible] which he could not [illegible] her sobbing out [illegible] and [illegible] to comfort her. And the [illegible] of all were the scorn and reproach of her handsome dark eyes against whose silent accusation he could [illegible]

[illegible] and conjecture as he would, his active imagination was utterly unable to evolve a theory, howsoever fantastic, that might account for her interest in himself. The occasion undeniably had been an exceptionally stressful one

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MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: [illegible] good druggists.

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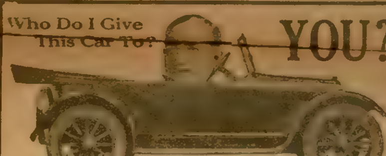

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for her; and yet something about him—a [illegible] not been of sufficient weight to [illegible] and cause her to [illegible] way with her trouble. The irreconcilability of these amazing facts pron[illegible] every one of [illegible] question to an [illegible]

His fruitless mental effort was a [illegible] and fretful [illegible] most [illegible] his head, [illegible] felt as if [illegible] stopped in a great storm.

The few Pos[illegible] members [illegible] in one wing [illegible] mother [illegible] the swift [illegible] being city, had no time to [illegible] the club wor[illegible] or, [illegible] rooms [illegible] other Van Vechten's depressed.

[illegible] entertained her [illegible] that she would enchant the world—or at least that [illegible] portion of it which she would [illegible] condescend to favor—with her violin; her career at the conservatory assured this prophecy. Was not that honor and glory enough for a girl not yet twenty?

Then why should she and Mr. Van Vechten go off to London for the summer, instead of coming home to the [illegible] people with whom she would have to mingle after they were married, and receive their congratulations and congratulations?

Van Vechten paused at this reflection. After that they would be married, and he could remember this contingency had been taken so for granted that he had never thought to question it. He was so much the proper thing for them to do, such a logical [illegible] to [illegible] from every point of view, that Mr. and Mrs. Paige had always regarded it as a settled thing—an assured fact—awaiting only the [illegible] moment for each of them seemed easier to hasten the time, but if that time was ever to [illegible] it must now be [illegible] that he not much longer be content with "something."

Something, today the idea made him uncomfortable. Paige was a jolly sort, pretty, unusually clever and as independent as [illegible] Van Vechten, the [illegible] and will of her own, had Paige Carew; but she and Rudolph Van Vechten were the best of chums. Never a year since she had been abroad, had he failed to visit her; he had had a lookout for her on those visits with the keenest delight, and then the times they had together—he would not have them erased from the past for anything. There was no doubting it—he was fonder of Paige than of any girl he knew; and [illegible] liked him.

[illegible] Van Vechten [illegible] very [illegible] to [illegible] tion in the absence of those friends from town. He was now obliged to invent answers to embarrassing inquiries concerning his dilatory cousin. But this was small compensation for viewing in New York by himself. Paige chose to notify him of her whereabouts and intended movements. He gave one reason for her silence—that in the circumstance that he really did not know [illegible] where she was; if some studies [illegible] were necessitating [illegible], he would not know where [illegible].

But he could not [illegible] this phase of the matter. It was no new thing for Paige to start off on a holiday jaunt without confiding in her secretary to anybody, and now Mrs. Devereaux was with her.

"Just the same," he mused, "if I knew where to catch her, I would send her a cable that would set her to guessing for a while."

Unable longer to remain [illegible], he bounded from his [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] room. [illegible] accident that did not affect the page's accustomed composure in the least.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," Alexander announced.

"Who is it?" Van Vechten snapped [illegible] "I don't want to see [illegible]."

He paused. Didn't [illegible] Alexander had not presented a card; but whoever the caller might be [illegible] a reversion. If he tried [illegible] to think he would be [illegible] in another hour.

"Very well," Van Vechten wearily added. "Show him in."

He did not know the man who immediately followed Alexander into the lounging-room. The stranger was under medium height, slender and unassuming in appearance, but carried himself with a military [illegible] ance that commanded attention. He was as gray as a badger, and his lean, smooth-shaven face resembled tooled leather.

"Mr. Rudolph Van Vechten?" queried the newcomer in a tone that could not have carried a yard beyond the person to whom it was addressed. Van Vechten nodded and motioned to a chair.

"My name," he acknowledged. And, with a wry mouth: "You are a detective. I might have expected it—but I didn't."

Instantly the steady eyes contracted and wrinkled at the corners. The young man all at once discovered that his [illegible] was [illegible], and that he could [illegible] with his [illegible].

"I'm glad to [illegible] sure," I am glad to know that we [illegible] of your [illegible] Mr. Paige [illegible] Flint—from Central Office."

"Considering that you [illegible] never seen me before, Mr. Flint—Van Vechten [illegible] a rather [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] to have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Your Kitchen in War-time

Storing Your Winter Vegetables

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THE home cellar is a good place to store vegetables for winter use, providing it meets the necessary requirements of ventilation, temperature, moisture and drainage, says the National War Garden Commission of Washington, D. C.

A well drained, well ventilated, unheated cellar with an earth floor and freedom from freezing temperature, is an ideal place. A temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit is about right for keeping vegetables, and this can be maintained, when the weather is not freezing cold, by the simple process of opening and shutting the windows.

An earthen floor will give just about enough moisture to keep the vegetables from drying out. If there is a cement floor in your basement it will be a good idea to put down an inch or two of earth or sand which can be kept moist by periodical sprinkling.

Boxes or barrels are best for keeping vegetables, but slatted bins or platforms or crates of wood or other supports so as to raise them off the floor and allow the air to circulate freely beneath them. They also should be kept away from the walls, so that the air may get around all sides of them. Keep the vegetables in the dark by covering the windows with paper or other material.

Root vegetables may be kept in outdoor pits, except in the coldest sections of the country, where it is not recommended, since the pits cannot be made frost-proof. Make pits that will hold about a bushel, and include an assortment of vegetables in each, so that a complete supply for a few weeks may be taken out at one time.

Storing vegetables is a part of the food conservation plan that will help win this war. We should all try to keep our food in as good condition as possible, so as not to minimize the efforts of the growers by letting a part of the enormous crop which they raised to waste, spoil. The housewife, with a little forethought and care, can do much to conserve food for the use of the country and suffering Europe, and at the same time cut down her own household expenses.

Potato Pancakes and Stewed Tomatoes.

SIX large potatoes, 2 eggs, 1 onion, salt and pepper to taste, flour.

Grate the potatoes and onion, add eggs and seasoning and beat all together. Put a little salt on the griddle and allow it to become hot. Then rub with a piece of paper and wipe off salt. The salt keeps the cakes from sticking. Put in a little fat and when it is hot drop the batter on the griddle in cakes. Fry on both sides to a golden brown. Tomato stew: Cut an onion fine and cook in a little butter or corn oil. When soft add a tablespoon of flour and stir and pour in the juice of one pint of cooked tomatoes. Stir until thick, then add the tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste and let boil up. Serve this stew with the pancakes and rye bread and you will not care for meat.

Raisins With Chocolate.

TO SOME persons there is something pleasing about the flavor of raisins with chocolate, and a rather plain chocolate icing over gingerbread or cake can be made with 2 cup of raisins for the sake of the excellent sweetness. Here is also a good chocolate raisin pudding: Soak three-quarters of a cup of bread crumbs or cracker crumbs in a cup and a quarter of milk. Add a quarter cup of molasses, a pinch of salt, a beaten egg, a half cup of seeded raisins and a quarter cup of cocoa. Stir thoroly and steam in a buttered baking dish.

Cheese Rolls.

A MOST delicious surprise in the place of sandwiches, to serve with coffee or chocolate, the hot by any means a conservation dish, is made with the aid of whipped cream and cheese. Make some light, tender, biscuit rolls, shaped long and narrow. When they are cold, cut off the tops of the rolls and remove some of the center. Just before serving, take a small jar of cheese and cream it with a quarter as much butter and fold into a half cup of cream whipped stiff. Fill the rolls and replace the covers.

Louisiana Samp Pudding.

TAKE ½ cup samp, little salt, 1½ cups boiling water. Boil five minutes hard, take off stove, put into a deep bean pot. Cover. Bake like beans, adding water as needed. The samp should not add water, but add 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 egg. Mix all thru the samp. Bake very slowly one hour. Eat with cream or mashed berries.

Raisin Pudding.

SOAK a quarter cupful of cracker crumbs or bread crumbs in a pint of hot milk with a tablespoon of butter. When cool add a well-beaten egg, a quarter cup of molasses, a half cupful of separated raisins and a little grated nutmeg, with sugar to taste—probably a quarter cup will be enough. Turn all into a buttered baking dish and bake slowly, stirring from time to time.

Escalloped Eggs With Cheese.

SIX eggs, ¾ cup grated cheese, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 1 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1¼ cup milk.

Arrange poached eggs on a shallow oiled baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese. Pour white sauce made from flour, seasonings, and milk over eggs. Cover top with bread crumbs and cheese and brown in oven.

Rice Flour and Barley Flour Chocolate Cake.

ONE-HALF cup fat, two-thirds cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup syrup, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup rice flour, 2 cups barley flour, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 squares chocolate.

Cream the fat, sugar and egg yolks. Add the syrup and milk. Add alternately the liquid and the dry ingredients sifted together. Add flavoring and melted chocolate. Fold in well-beaten egg whites. Bake about one hour in a moderately hot oven.

Tomato Custards.

PUT the contents of a can of tomatoes in a steel pan and add 1 cup of water, 1 slice of onion chopped, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, half a bay leaf, 4 cloves, 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of paprika. Simmer 20 minutes and press thru a sieve. Add 4 tablespoons of cracker crumbs and 4 beaten eggs into four buttered custard cups, stand them in a pan of hot water and bake until set. Turn out on individual dishes and serve with Cheese Sauce—Cook 2½ tablespoons of flour in an equal quantity of butter until, by degrees, 1¼ cups of milk, stir until smooth, season with ½ teaspoon each of paprika, salt and mustard, then add ½ cup of finely cut cheese and stir until melted.

Nut Gingerbread.

CREAM together ½ cup of butter, ½ cup of lard and 1 cup of sugar; add 1 cup of good molasses and 1 cup of sour cream (1 cup of sour milk may be used in place of the cream; beat thoroly, then add 1 tablespoon of ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and a cup of nut meats that have been cut fine and rolled; dissolve a small teaspoon of soda in a little lukewarm water and stir in; use enough flour to make a soft dough that can be rolled; flour the pastry board well and roll out to the thickness of about an inch (if rolled too thin the cakes are apt to run) cut in squares and cover the top with chopped nuts and a little sugar; bake in a quick oven. If deficient an egg or two may be added to the batter.

Baked Salt Fish.

TWO cups salt fish (flaked), 2 cups cold mashed potatoes, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 to 3 tablespoons of drippings.

Soak the flaked fish in cold water over night or freshen the fish by boiling up several times (usually two changes of water is sufficient). Then simmer until tender. Drain off the water. Mix the potatoes with milk, eggs, fish and seasoning. Add the fish, turn into a greased baking dish and bake one-half hour.

Parisian Sweets.

ONE-HALF lb. nut meats (locally grown, ½ lb. dates or raisins, ½ lb. figs.

Put all thru the meat chopper. Mix thoroly, roll out on molding board to ¼-inch thickness, using powdered sugar to keep confection from sticking to board. Cut into squares, diamonds or rounds.

Meat Scramble.

TWO cups of chopped cold meat, 2 tablespoons of hot water and a piece of butter as large as an English walnut. When the meat is hot, break in three eggs and constantly stir until the eggs begin to stiffen. Season with salt and pepper.

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Forget Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

There is a young fellow working in the same store with me who has told me that he loves me. However, soon after making this declaration, he informed me that he was engaged to another girl. What do you think of him? I have given him up and haven't paid any more attention to him.

DISAPPOINTED PEGGY.

You were right. The man is a trifler. No honorable man tells a girl he loves her unless he means it, or unless he is not tied to any other woman. This fellow was not only untrue to you, but to the other girl as well. You are sensible in not paying any further attention to him.

Self-conscious.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17 years old, and am in love with a fellow of 20. He loves me, too, and when we are alone we get along fine. But when we go out in company he hardly pays any attention to me. What do you think is the matter with him? He is wonderful to me when we are by ourselves. ANXIOUS.

I don't think there is anything the matter with your friend, except that he is very bashful. I wouldn't worry about it, unless he is downright rude to you when you are in company. I think he is so conscious of his love for you, that when he is out in company he feels embarrassed, and masks his embarrassment by being indifferent. That is nothing. Many men do just this thing to keep the world from knowing their true feelings.

Better Be Careful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a senior in the township high school, and have a girl friend who has a host of admirers. My mother does not like her, because of these beaux, but the girl is good, and never flirts. My mother says she is good for nothing. Recently I tried to get some of these boys away from her by flirting, but they don't seem to want to leave her. Do you think she is a bad girl? What should I do to gain boy friends?

L. & L.

I don't see what makes your mother [illegible] She has admirers because she is good and does not flirt. I can hardly advise you to get your beaux by flirting. Flirting never get anybody anything but a bad name. Try to be sweet and good like this other girl and it will help a great deal.

Drop Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 17, in love with a sailor who is three years older than me. Last Saturday he made a date with me, which he failed to keep. On Sunday I found out that he had been with another girl. She told me about it and made me so jealous that I started to cry. I wrote to him about this, but he hasn't answered me. B. B.

If I were you I should first find out whether or not what this girl friend told you is true. If it is, don't have anything more to do with this boy. He is a trifler and it would only be wasting your time to go about with him.

All Right.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of age and go with a boy of the same age. Is it all right for me to go with him alone? He is a nice boy and is very polite. CURLY HAIR.

There is no objection to your going out alone with him if your parents do not object. However, since you are both very young, it would be a good plan to have other boy friends. Don't imagine that this attachment is lasting.

Marry Now.

DEAR MISS GREY:

My sweetheart is in the Army and is coming home soon on a furlough and wants me to marry him. I have known him over a year and love him dearly. Would you advise marrying him now or waiting until the war is over? K. S.

Marry him now, and send him away happy.

Soldier's Wife.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 18 years, and have been married two years. My husband is fighting in France. He has been gone a year, and I only hear from him about once in five weeks.... I am sick at heart and lonesome for young folks. My folks live out in the country and I stay at home awaiting my husband's return. I would love to go to dances, but the people think it is terrible. I am sure my husband wouldn't object if he knew. What would you advise? I am trying to do right, but it is lonesome, and I am not able to work. May I come again?

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It is best not to get people talking, so if I were you I would not go to the dances. However, there are some other things that should keep you interested. If you are strong enough to go to dances, you should be strong enough to do some kind of work. Why not get interested in Red Cross work, and so help your soldier husband and his comrades? Also, make it a point to write cheery letters to your husband every day. You don't know how much he wants to hear about all the little things at home. And while you are cheering him up, I'm sure you will begin to feel better yourself.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 'teens and go with a fellow three years my senior. Have been going with him for a month, and he loves me and has asked me to stop corresponding with other young men, and also doesn't want me to go with them. The other night he saw me with another fellow and now he is quite angry. What shall I do?

"GIRLIE."

You're altogether too young and flighty to know your own mind. It is quite evident from the way you write, you do not love this man. Why not tell him, and cut short the agony? Either that, or respect his wishes and make promises you don't intend to keep.

Keep Up Your Schooling.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 14 years old, and am in the [illegible] grade. I will be ready to go high school. If I have a chance to work out next summer would you advise me to go to high school or to keep on working? How much would you ask a week? I know how to do any kind of housework.

By all means keep on going to school if you can possibly afford it. You don't know what a good education will mean to you later in life. If you work during the summer go back to school in the fall. It is hard to say how much you should ask for your work. Wages are governed by conditions in the place where you live. I should think three or four dollars about right, tho.

Yes.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16, in love with a Jackie four years my senior. While at home we were good friends. Would you advise me to write to him, as he thinks my parents object to him writing? Kindly tell me how to address him when writing.

RAY D.

I can see no harm in writing to your friend, if your parents do not object to it. Ask your mother to add a few lines to your letter, so that he may know that your parents approve of the correspondence. If you know the boy well, address him: "Dear Jack," or whatever his name may be.

Younger Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a grass widow 25 years old, in love with a young man 18, and he is very much in love with me. Please advise whether I should go with a boy younger than myself. C. M.

I don't believe the boy is in love with you at all. I think it's a case of infatuation, pure and simple. If you want to do the right thing, best drop him. Tell him kindly what you think. It may hurt a little now, but it's for the best—for you and him. Please note that not more than one letter is necessary to receive an answer thru these columns.

Ask Her.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a man 34, and am slightly gray. There is a young lady wants to marry me. What should I do? I am deeply in love with her and can give her a good home. J. S.

Just tell the lady you want to marry her, and get her to go to the parson with you.

Knitting for Our Soldier Boys

All day long our women folks are helping our boys at the Front to win a victory. It is not on the battlefields alone that this war is being fought. It is being waged in the workshop and in the household as truly as in the trenches. Some of our American women are tried physically and mentally, by the weaknesses of their sex. If they ask their neighbors they will be told to take a *Favorite* Prescription of Dr. Pierce's, which has been so well and favorably known for the past half century.

Weak women should try it now. Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. This woman's tonic and nervine will bring vim, vigor and vitality. It will put the womanly system into its normal physical strength.

A little more energy just now will save the day. The prime necessity of life is health. With this, for womankind nothing is impossible. You can obtain health and strength by procuring Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in tablet form, at any drug store. If you wish to make a test, send ten cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package of tablets or buy a large package now at your drug store.

COATED TONGUE?

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe and put into ready-to-use form by Dr. Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold by all druggists as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they are put up in 25c vials, are sugar-coated, and easiest to take.

27 Years the Enemy of Pain

AK HEADACHE TABLETS

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For Headaches, Neuralgias, La Grippe and Colds Women's Aches and Ills, Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains! No Matter Where

Ask Your Druggist For A-K Tablets See Monogram AK on the Genuine

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YOUR HEART

Does It Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sensation Starting to go to sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in Chest, Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Spells, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Miles Heart Remedy. Over [illegible] sufferers have given testimonials of benefits received. Dr. Miles Heart Remedy and Nervine is sold by druggists under a guarantee first bottle will benefit. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. E. Kennaman, Box 3931, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—today.

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If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send for a 10 days' treatment at home by Mrs. Summers' Popular Absorption Method, and avoid unnecessary pain, cutting and suffering. Users report speedy relief. Ask your druggist for Mrs. Summers' Pile Remedy, or send for FREE FOUR DAYS' TRIAL. by addressing Mrs. Summers Medical Co., Box P, South Bend, Ind.

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PHONOGRAPH and one Popular RECORD

Handsome Mahogany finish, wonderful sound driven motor, plays all style records. Given for selling 20 packages Perfumed Talcum Refrigerator pieces at 10c each. Write for order. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Phonograph Free. When sold send us the money and we will send your prize at once. Write for order. Don't delay. Address GAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 732 CHICAGO

FREE

STEM WIND AND RING WATCH FREE

Handsome Watch, stem wind, stem set and ring. Given for selling 20 packages Perfumed Talcum Refrigerator pieces at 10c each. Write for order. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Watch and Ring Free. When sold send us the money and we will send your prize at once. Don't delay. Address GAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 732 CHICAGO

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

Be a Beauty A Parisian's Secret 10c J. ARNOT, 459 W. 56th, Chicago

The Love of Silver-Tongue Danny

[Continued From Page 13.]

[illegible] upon the vision in white. "So, Alice, you have been indulging in settlement work! And under an assumed name! You dear little rascal. I just can't make you sit in idleness on your golden throne, can I?"

"But, John, dear, I missed the stage so much, and—and I simply had to occupy myself—somehow."

"Yes, yes, I understand. And I don't object in the least. But—hadn't you better go to your room, dear. You're really hardly attired for company, eh? I'll join you in a moment and explain——"

Elsie-Alice crimsoned beautifully and fled.

Danny was the picture of utter dejection. His dress-shirt bulge had burst, and with a suddenness that left him hardly able to comprehend the trend of events.

"She's—she's your wife?" he whispered, and wasn't ashamed of the tears that glistened in his eyes, for she had been his inspiration, and would always be.

"Yes," said the theater-man quietly. He understood boy-nature.

"Gee! I wish I was you!" sobbed Danny O'Neill.

"Buck up," said the theater-man.

After a while Danny muttered: "Aren't you going to call the cops? Go on. I don't mind."

"Listen, Danny," returned the theater-man, pleasantly familiar. "I had no intention of handing you over to the law. You're too good a chap for that. There's the making of a big man in you, and your progress will be all the quicker because of this emotional experience. Come to my office at the Orpheum tomorrow at 10. The legitimate stage for yours, Danny! I think you're a second David Warfield."

They looked into each other's eyes. And now they both understood the man.

"All right," he said. "I'll come."

They went to the door together. On the steps Danny paused. "Don't—don't tell her," he begged. "That I—still love her!"

"I won't." The theater-man smiled broadly in the dark, for he was reminded of his own boyhood days. "And, Silver-tongue, don't forget—at the Orpheum tomorrow—at 10."

But He Knew Them.

A CERTAIN tailor who had enlisted was home on furlough. His wife asked:

"And did you see anybody you knew on the other side?"

"Sure," was the husband's reply. "I saw a couple of dozen men who owe me for suits of clothes; and say, dear, it's surprising how fast those fellows can get their gas masks on over there!"

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Nat'l. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 192 R, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE BIG MONEY HANDLING OUR quick line of toilet preparations. Forty-two full size articles which retail $6.25, for agents at special prepaid price only $2.45. D. Mossop, Incorporated, National Soap & Perfume Co., 620 Cambridge Bldg., Dept. 16A, Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW CARBURETOR FOR FORD cars. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. Exclusive territory. Write C. & J. Carburetor Co., 5065 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS—7 IN 1 REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. Two coats in one. Something new. Not sold in stores. Nothing else like it. Write for water-proof. Nothing like it. Write for agency. Guaranteed Raincoat Co., 3511 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

$30 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXIcan Drawn Thread Underwear. Write for genuine rainbow free stand sells; also sheet, blanket orders. Write quick for sample offer. Mexican Drawn Thread Importing Co., Dept. 1, Laredo, Texas.

AGENTS: QUICK SALES, BIG PROFITS, sells on sight. Introductory Offer Gives Selling Rights. Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write for Agency. Nimrod Manufacturing Mfg. Co., Dept. 8A, 425 Broadway, New York.

$5.00 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS. Sell on sight. Big profits. Tailoring line making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. D-447, 215 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

AGENTS—$60 WEEKLY AND CAR FURnished to introduce wonderful new patented fast winter automobile fuel, anti-freeze, five your gasoline saver. Outfit free. L. Bailey, 7 Bia. F., Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS: MEN OR WOMEN OF CHARacter, to sell Kenyon Guaranteed Hosiery. No money required. Established 1864. Credit. Big profits and Tea Co., Dept. 819-H, St. Louis, Missouri.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE Brush Cleaning Tool. Cleans and polishes Brushes brooms, spreaders; lightens housework; easy seller. Big profits. Write for Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

HUSTLERS!!! BEGIN RECEIVING BIG REpeat orders next week. Everybody wants to sell big beautiful perfume pockets. Hurry! Hurry! Springfield Perfume Co., Dept. 18, Springfield, Mass.

EGGSAVER—REPLACES EGGS IN BAKING in cakes, cookies and pies. Big seller, home repeater. Write quick. Webster Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW SOAP CAKE that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full size cake 25c. Write quick. Larsaiah Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE CATALOGUE, BIGGEST AND BEST of line, guaranteed hosiery, underwear, contracts. Liberal terms. Write today. Western Knitting Mills, 567 Van Buren St., Chicago.

$18 TO $45 PER DAY HANDLING NEW 5 household articles. Big war time sellers. Outfit free. Every home needs it. Write quick. Dept. W, 66, Dun Co., Attica, N. Y.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Distribute samples, groceries, drugs, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 2a S. Main St., Toledo.

FOUR MILLION FAMILIES WILL BUY "MY Boy." Big profits sure by following our new selling plan. Write Cordola, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

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HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN, 18 or over, $90 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 33, Rochester, N. Y.

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HELP WANTED—(Continued)

MEN-BOYS WANTED—SECRET SERVICE detectives. World's greatest profession. Beginners earn $200.00 weekly. Course, $1. Write immediately. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Virginia.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, as offered here.

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WANTED—AT ONCE—DROP FORGE HAMmermen. Good wages. Place work and board work. Apply Lakeside Forge Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Automobile Association needs clerks, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Bureau, 176, St. Louis, Mo.

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BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Write Standard Detective Bureau, Dept. 226 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT NEEDS 12,000 WOMEN clerks in Washington. Examinations everywhere in May. Commence $1,000. Influence unnecessary. Women desiring Government positions write for free particulars to Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 405 Kenois Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to storekeepers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address, owen, Sheffield Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

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WOMEN TO SEW, GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing; no stamp envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Opportunity overlooks. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

BIG PROFITS—SMALL INVESTMENT—BUY complete, guaranteed moving picture outfit, machine, films, everything direct from manufacturers. Easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free catalog. Dept. M5 American Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

$15.00 TO $20.00 NIGHTLY ON SMALL INvestment. Complete moving picture outfits, machine, films, etc., at manufacturers' prices easily obtained. Catalog free. Model Moving Picture Sales Co., 540 Plymouth Place, Dept. 185, Chicago.

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WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten mss. acceptable. Send mss. to Women's National Magazine, 422, Washington, D. C.

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A $25 INVESTMENT MAY BRING FORTUNE. Have land, new complete drilling outfit, will drill on shares. Highest grade oil. Other profitable propositions. Write Box 1, Bradley Building, Seattle, Wash.

SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES Send 10c for 3 months' trial subscription to West Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

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WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have a good suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." Submit poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication. Past experience unnecessary. Examined free. Hackelbracker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., Chicago.

WRITE A SONG—PATRIOTIC OR POPUlar. I compose music and guarantee publication. Submit poems to Thomas Merlin, 219, Reaper Block, Chicago.

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CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH. DON'T matter if broken; pay up to $18.00 per set, also actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver, platinum and bridge work. Send by parcel post and cash by return mail. Will return your goods if price is unsatisfactory. Mason Smelting Specialty, Dept. 64, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila. Pa.

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GOOD-PRODUCING LANDS FOR SALE AT low prices. Large and small places for wheat, alfalfa, corn, fruit, etc. Write fully of your wants. Address J. L. McKamey, Imboden, Ark.

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WILL YOU HELP LITTLE MOTHER "KEEP home fires burning" for her soldier lady by sending cash for beautiful strand hand carved California flower beads, or, for handsome fire agate tie pin? May Cochran, Long Beach, Calif.

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$1.00 EARNED EASILY BY SELLING OUR 5 lbs. perfumes. Two weeks' trial free. Write Eckhoff Laboratory, Dept. 1, 2018 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN USE MY PREPparation and have a face as rosy and plump as a sweet sixteen. Address Levi Bryant, 4413 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL!!! INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEments 100 magazines thrice $5. Coast-to-Coast Syndicate, Atlantic City.

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TO AVOID MISTAKES INVENTORS SHOULD have correct models made before filing for patent. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 41E, St. Louis, Mo.

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SEND SKETCH OR MODEL FOR ACTUAL search and report. Write for booklet of instructions and our practice and procedure. Prompt personal service. George P. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 31 Kimmel Bldg., Wash. D. C.

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MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any sexual weakness, I can help you. Reference: Dun, Bradstreet and Washington Mechanics' Bank. Robert E. Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any sexual weakness, I can help you. Reference: Dun, Bradstreet and Washington Mechanics' Bank. Robert E. Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

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MEN—SEXTONIZE NEVER FAILS TO tone, invigorate to any part weak with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions. Sealed particulars free. Write quick; nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Sextonize Remedial Co., 21 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

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A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, will bring you a free book on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Consultation and advice free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. People's Agency, Box 4, San Diego, California.

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It's Just Acid—That Darkens Life

Makes Millions Sick and Suffer

Life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has an acid-stomach.

Acid-stomach kills Hope, Ambition, Energy, Courage. It saps the strength of the strongest body—impoverishes the blood—causes untold suffering—makes millions weak, unfit and brings on premature old age.

Acid-stomach—superacidity—is today the common disease menacing our health and happiness. It is a known—a scientific fact—that it robs blood of its vitality, resulting in flabby flesh—weakness—pale cheeks—loss of energy, in fact causes many of the ills of suffering humanity.

You know what acid-mouth does to the teeth and gums—how the acid literally eats through the hard enamel, causing the teeth to ache and decay. Just imagine, then, what havoc an acid-stomach must do to the delicate organization and membranous lining of the stomach!

Acid-Stomach Victims Everywhere

Millions of people are weak and unfit, suffering all the time, in one way or another, from superacidity. Look, you can see them everywhere—in the crowds passing down the busy city streets—in the stores, shops, offices and factories—in the small towns and villages—yes, more on the farms than in town—wherever you go you see these faces, the victims of acid-stomach.

They don't seem dangerously sick. Just ailing. Going through life weak, listless, dragging one foot after another. They're nervous and irritable; skin, dry and sallow; look underfed; lack power and punch; frequently have severe attacks of blinding, splitting headaches; subject to fits of melancholia and mental depression. They have dizzy spells, attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, and often complain of pains around the heart and in the chest. And nearly always their stomachs are out of order, even though many experience no actual stomach pains—digestion poor—never getting anywhere near the full strength from their food.

Serious Ailments Caused By Acid-Stomach

The stomach is the human fire-box. It's where we digest food to create power and energy. If it is clogged up with too much acid, then the food we eat, like the fuel in a clinker-clogged furnace, will be only partly consumed—digested. Instead of perfect digestion this is what happens: The excess acid causes the food to ferment. This fermentation creates gas, sometimes causing painful bloating and belching, food repeating, heartburn, etc. They are painful and distressing but, not serious. Serious consequences do follow, however. That partially digested food, in a state of fermentation and charged with excess acid is very liable to cause irritation along the intestinal tract and produce gastritis, dyspepsia, auto-intoxication. Also to the same source—superacidity—may often be traced cases of catarrh of the stomach, ulcer and cancer of the stomach and intestines, cirrhosis of the liver, valvular heart trouble and heart failure.

So you see, it's just this—acid-stomach—that is holding so many people back—sapping up the strength they should get from their food—taking away their vigor and vitality—leaving them weak and inefficient.

Words of Praise From Prominent Druggists

Dear Sir:
There never has been such a general good feeling toward any medicine as my customers have for EATONIC. It pleases me to know I am the means of introducing the wonderful remedy in this city.
Every day some one tells me how much they have been benefited by EATONIC. Men and women, young and old, say it's the best thing they ever tried.
I never hesitate to recommend it to all.
O. G. WALKER, Druggist,
Iron Market, Iowa.

Dear Sir:
It gives me a great deal of pleasure to say a good word about EATONIC. I have been in the drug business for years and I have never seen its equal. A doctor formerly had to use the other day that EATONIC acts like a charm. We have had dozens of boxes of EATONIC and have not had a single box returned as being unsatisfactory. I can heartily recommend it as being a world beater.
J. G. HALL, Druggist,
Oxford, N. C.

Dear Mr. Kramer:
I have been selling lots of EATONIC, lately. I myself, and many others, have found it to be the cleanest, unadulterated testimonial I have ever received in all my experience as a druggist. It is a pleasure to send it. EATONIC is a sound, universal satisfaction, and you are at liberty to publish my endorsement of EATONIC any time.
H. D. CHRISTOPH, Druggist,
Fredericktown, No.

Mr. Kramer, I congratulate you on EATONIC. It is the latest and best gift to suffering humanity. It will surely prove a boon to weak sufferers—millions of today—millions yet to be.
Dr. J. W. DUNLOP, Druggist,
Clair, Mich.

Enjoy Perfect Health

You have a right to good health! Not the kind of health that permits you to feel fairly good one day and just so-so the next. But **real** health. Bounding, vibrant, glowing health! Not an ache or pain anywhere, up and coming—fine and fit—plenty of power and pep and ginger—bubbling over with physical energy—mental faculties keen and alert—eager to work with a vim and the ability to get results—not now and then but **all the time,** year in and year out! That's **real** health—the kind of health **every** man and woman is entitled to—the kind they can enjoy if they rid their systems of the excess acid that is holding them back and making them old before their time.

Tens of thousands of people all over the United States have used EATONIC. Everywhere they testify to its marvelous power to bring quick relief,—to remove **excess acid** which is the cause of so much human misery. Many of these testimonials tell of such quick and amazing benefits as to be almost unbelievable. These sufferers had tried nearly everything. Tonics did no good because they were merely stimulants. They did not remove the **cause**—the excess acid. And the excess acid **must** be cleared up—taken away—if you hope to be well. There is no other way. And EATONIC positively **does** remove the excess acid. This is guaranteed.

Make This Convincing Test

Are you weak? Do you feel listless—have a jaded appetite—feel miserable, bloated after eating—have you a sour, gassy stomach—indigestion—heartburn, etc.? If you are one of the many millions who are not enjoying **perfect, robust health,** make this simple test and see if it isn't just acid-stomach that is causing all the trouble. Go to your druggist for a big box of EATONIC. Try them. Then note the big difference. See how fine you feel. You can eat the things you like with relish and digest what you eat without discomfort. Keep your stomach free from excess acid, then it will be sweet, pure and strong. Nature will do the rest. You will then be able to get full strength out of every mouthful you eat; and that is just what Nature demands—full strength from your food.

Get Rid of the Excess Acid

Get rid of the excess acid. That's the secret of good health and is the only way to perfect digestion and assimilation. It is the right way to be well and keep strong. Ordinary tonics won't do any lasting good. The best they can do is to spur up your appetite. When the stimulating effects wear off, you are worse off than ever.

A modern remedy called EATONIC clears up the excess acid in the stomach and intestines quickly, easily and naturally, and carries it out of the system. In fact, you can fairly feel it work.

EATONIC is a scientific combination of medical products from the largest laboratories in the world—where hundreds of great chemists and their assistants toil. Here with marvelous care and scientific exactness the action of every known medicinal element or combination is known to an absolute certainty. There is never any guess work. EATONIC is compounded for the purpose of literally wiping out the excess acid. It is absolutely guaranteed to do so—if it fails, it will not cost you a penny.

EATONIC is in tablet form. They are good to eat—just like candy. It is absolutely harmless—does not contain one particle of poisonous or harmful drugs. It can be taken by anyone, old or young, with only beneficial results.

You Have Everything To Gain

You have everything to gain—not one cent can you lose. Here is a guaranteed relief for you from a misery that is darkening the life and making millions suffer—and they never knew what was the matter with them. Get your EATONIC today from your druggist—**see** what it will do for you. Test it in your own case. Let your feelings be your guide.

You run no risk—not a penny's loss—in giving EATONIC a trial. You know your druggist. We authorize him to guarantee EATONIC to please you. You can trust your druggist to make this guarantee good. If EATONIC FAILS in any way, he will refund your money.

Nearly all druggists everywhere carry EATONIC but if your druggist does not keep EATONIC, drop us a postal card and we will send you a big box at once. We want you to have it quick and get well. You can send us the 50 cents after you get it.

Address: H. L. KRAMER, President, EATONIC REMEDY COMPANY, 1681 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS